Hemingway Between Triumph and Disaster, by John W. Aldridge

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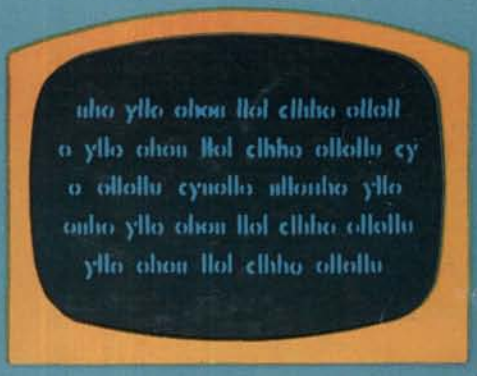
Saturday Review

October 10, 1970 50¢

THE COMING AGE OF NEWS MONOPOLY



articles by
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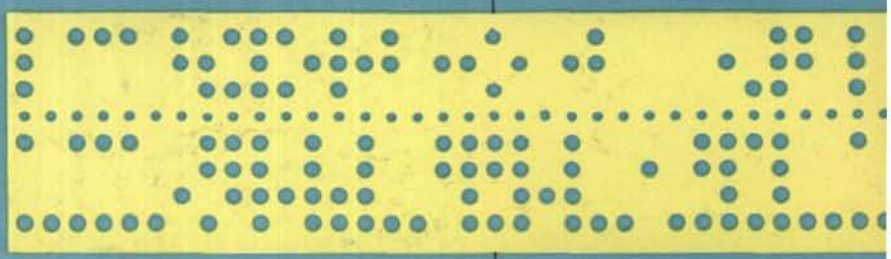
Richard L. Tobin



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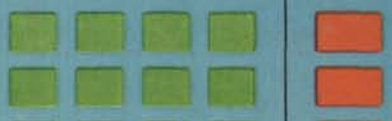
TENTH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



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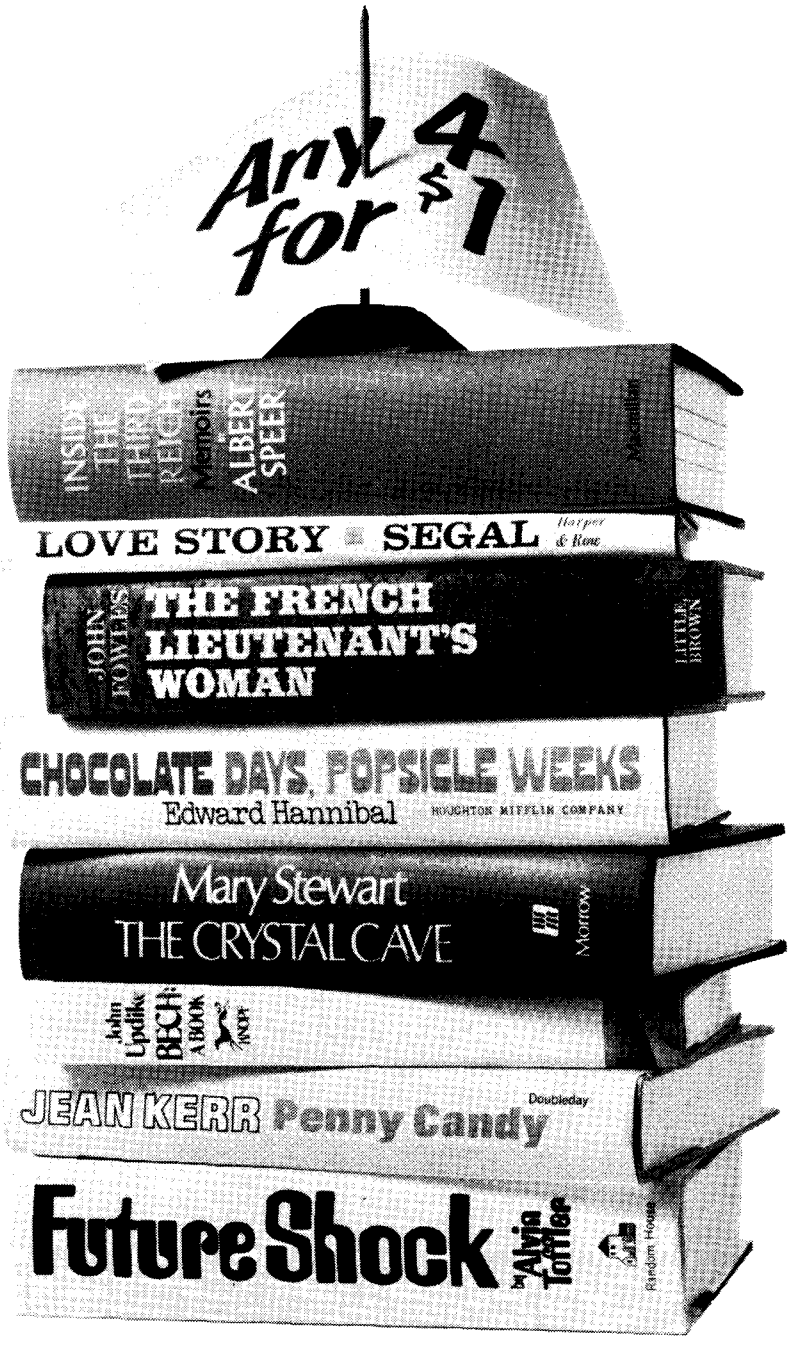

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Ever thought about "ethereal copulation"? About reproducing yourself identically by the process of "cloning"? Of improving the race by artificially inseminating a woman with the frozen sperm of a long-dead genius?

If you haven't given such matters much thought, and if you think that this is still the stuff of science fiction, you will want to read what Dr. Robert Francoeur has to say. Doubleday has just published his UTOPIAN MOTHERHOOD as our own revolutionary gesture toward the "brave new world" that is here. As a professor of experimental embryology, Dr. Francoeur is convinced that we are living with a biological time bomb whose "fuse is very short and ready to explode." The explosion will have a radical effect on sexual customs and practices and on the relations between men and women; it will give heart to women's liberationists and cause endless controversy over its ethical implications; it cannot be ignored.

Dr. Francoeur's interviews on the *Today* show and with Dick Cavett stunned people. Harriet Van Horne confessed that she is "still suffering from cultural shock from the glimpse he afforded me of sex and morals in the year 2000—if not much sooner." *Publishers' Weekly* said that "readers up to the challenge will be stimulated by the entire book, which closes with an exploration of the meaning of 'marriage' in a world of the Pill and the Commune."

Marriage is an area that Dr. Francoeur is well equipped to explore. He is not only a professor but a priest as well, and a married one with a small daughter of his own (conceived and born, he hastens to assure us, in the conventional manner).

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

UTOPIAN MOTHERHOOD ($6.95), by Robert T. Francoeur, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located in The Fashion Center, Paramus, New Jersey 07652.

October 10, 1970

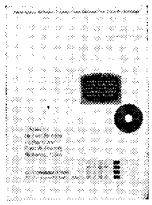
Saturday Review

Cover story, page 51

The Coming Age of News Monopoly

SR/Communications Tenth Anniversary Issue

Cover design: Irving Spellens



IDEAS

16 Female Biology in a Male Culture by Diana Trilling

EDITORIAL

20 Explanations and Excesses

BOOKS

23 Hemingway Between Triumph and Disaster by John W. Aldridge, an essay review of "Islands in the Stream" by Ernest Hemingway

23 Index of Books Reviewed

26 Book Forum: Letters from Readers

COMMUNICATIONS

Tenth Anniversary Issue

51 The Coming Age of News Monopoly

52 Can Printed News Save a Free Society? by Herbert Brucker

56 When Advertising Talks to Everyone by Fairfax Cone

58 Asleep at the Switch of the Wired City by Fred W. Friendly

61 Publishing by Cathode Ray Tube by Richard L. Tobin

THE ARTS

THEATER

19 Henry Hewes visits Bob and Ray on Broadway, Will Rogers in Washington, D.C., and Macbeth in Texas.

MOVIES

22 Hollis Alpert reviews "Tora! Tora! Tora!"

MUSIC

41 Irving Kolodin: Gluck, Mahler, and the Matter of the Relevant in Music

DANCE

45 Walter Terry at Central Park's outdoor Delacorte Theater

MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

46 Ravi Shankar at Home and Abroad by A. S. Raman

48 Recordings Reports: Jazz LPs

49 Something Is Rotten in Rock by Ellen Sander

TRAVEL

42 David Butwin rides herd in the Camargue.

COLUMNS

4 Martin Levin: Phoenix Nest

12 Goodman Ace: Top of My Head

14 Cleveland Amory: Trade Winds

21 Letters to the Editor

50 Robert Lewis Shayon: TV-Radio

GAMES

24 Your Literary I.Q.

28 Literary Crypt

44 Wit Twister

70 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1905

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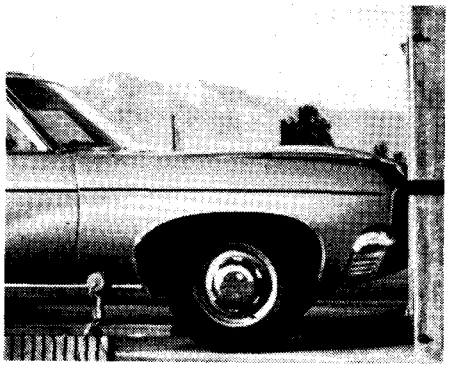
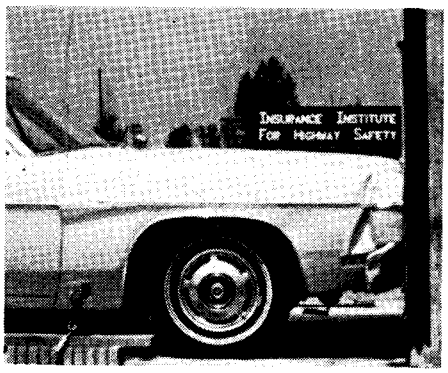
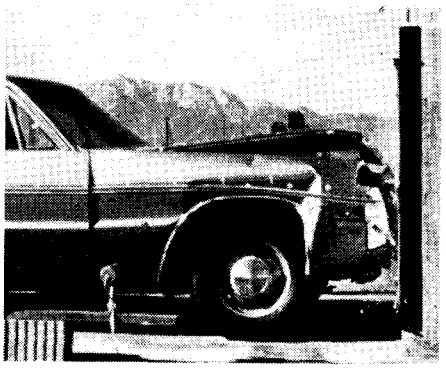


5 m.p.h. Test crashes conducted by Insurance Institute for Highway Safety showed that damage to the largest-selling 1970 sedans averaged $217.55 at five miles an hour—walking speed.



10 m.p.h. At ten miles an hour—that's jogging speed—average damage was $541.56.



15 m.p.h. At 15 miles an hour, sedans crashing into test barrier suffered average damage of $728.83.

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Secretary of Transportation Volpe wants to get better bumpers on all new cars—the sooner the better. Use the coupon to tell him you support his efforts, and he can make your feelings known—where it counts.

Honorable John A. Volpe
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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Fake Fi

WHILE YOU'RE WAITING for the time you can assemble a really good hi-fi system, you can take a few simple steps to make everybody think you have one already. And you don't have to be an electronics expert to climb on the low-cost, fake-fi bandwagon.

The secret of fake fi is clutter. The more parts you have around the room —lying on the floor, perched on tables, peeking out of bookshelves—the more professional it looks. Never put components in a cabinet. A man whose FM tuner, tape deck, amplifier, and turntable are neatly concealed in a cabinet may have hi-fi and he may have stereo, but nobody will be impressed. When equipment is hidden in furniture behind little doors, people don't know where the music is coming from. To hear stereo, you've got to see it.

You can change an ordinary table radio into a fake-fi component simply by taking the case off and putting it on a bookshelf. It should be placed just below eye level, so that parts can be seen and tubes can give off a warm glow in the evening.

The next step is to add components, the weirder-looking the better. They should have dials or knobs or switches, or a combination of all three. Stick them here and there and string wire from one to the other. Don't conceal the wire; in fact, it's a good idea to position one wire so that visitors must step over it. Make some professionally apologetic comment like, "Watch the pre-amp lead, I haven't had a chance to finish winding the core."

Components are easy to find. Junk shops and junk yards offer a wealth of material. Almost any electronic-looking thing will do. If it can be made to light up, so much the better. Old radios are excellent, and so are old TV sets without the picture tube. (Even with no cabinet, a picture tube looks too much like a TV set.) Extremely impressive is a car speedometer wedged between your books and connected to another component with a spiral telephone cord. Anchor the speedometer pointer on the dial just to the right of center, about 65 mph on most GM cars. This gives you a steady "plus" reading, attesting to the soundness of your music system.

Genuine electronics experts build their own components in aluminum boxes, available in all shapes and sizes at radio supply stores. Get some of these boxes and glue knobs on them. Electronics catalogues offer packages of miscellaneous knobs, some even with pointers. If you want to get fancy you can get rotary switches with shafts. Drill holes in the boxes, install the switches, and fasten the knobs to the shafts.

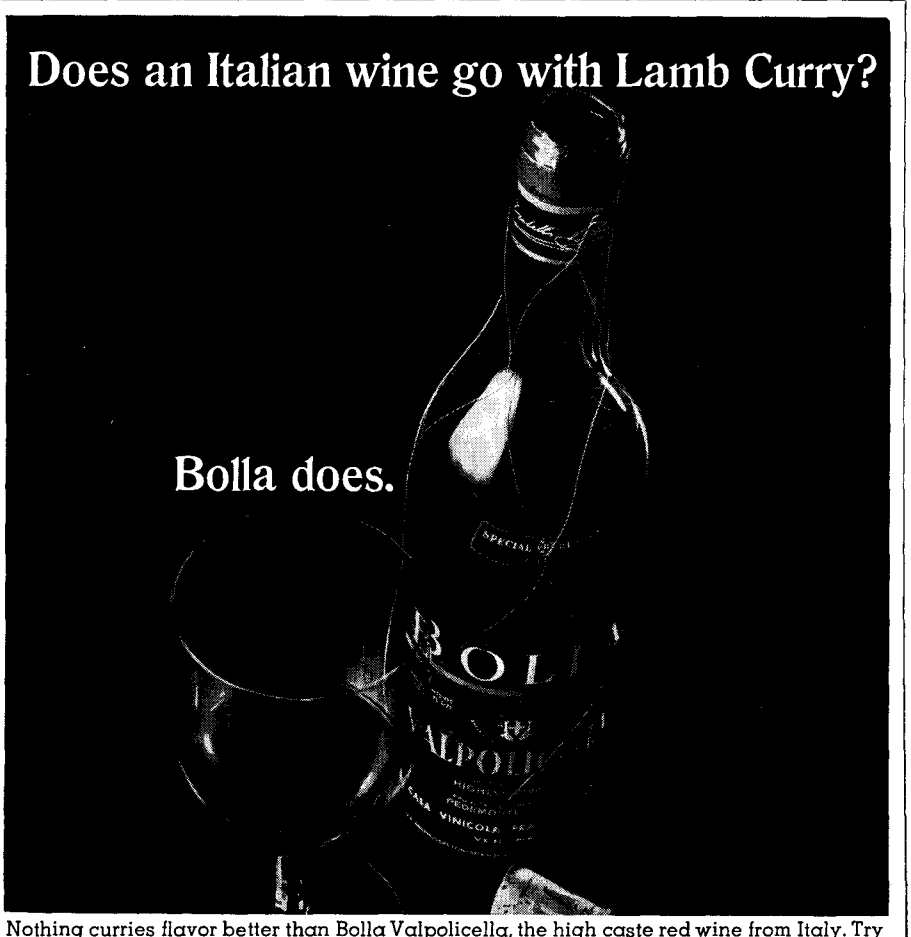
Stretching your arms to turn two knobs at the same time—one way high up on the shelf and the other at knee level—has a good visual effect on guests, especially if you do it with your eyes closed. The fact that listeners can't tell the difference in the sound quality works to your advantage. Your ear is very sensitive; their ears aren't.

Labeling knobs and switches is a matter of personal choice, and you'll have to decide whether you belong to the "No Information" or the "Obscure Information" school.

Real electronics experimenter-builders never label which knob does what because they *know*. You can create that same impression. The No Information technique works best with a long, low aluminum box containing at least a dozen identical round brown knobs shoulder to shoulder with nary a hint as to what they do. If you want to bug the eyes and boggle the minds of friends, put another long box on top, this one full of unmarked toggle switches. Don't worry about anyone touching it; nobody will come near the thing.

Members of the Obscure Information school label knobs and switches, but with electronics terms that make no sense to the layman. Simple terms such as "Volume" and "On-Off" are never used. Borrow one of those label-makers and print terms like "Impedance Circuit," "Grid Leak," "Null Adj."

Whether or not your equipment is labeled, it may be improved by adding pilot lights. These are red, green, white, or amber jewels that light up when something is not working and should be; is working and shouldn't be; or is supposed to be working and is. You can buy pilot lights that run on house current. You put them into little aluminum boxes and then run wires to the wall socket. These actually serve a practical purpose. When your lights go off in a power failure the pilot light will go out, telling you that



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Moneysworth, as its name implies, aims to see that you get full value for the money you spend. It rates competitive products as to best buys (as among cameras, hi-fi's, automobiles, and the like); it offers tips on how to save money (they will *astound* you with their ingenuity); and it counsels you on the management of your personal finances (telling not only how to gain maximum return on your investments and savings, but also how to protect your money against the ravages of inflation). In short, Moneysworth is your own personal consumer crusader, trusted stockbroker, and chancellor of the exchequer–all in one.

Perhaps the best way to describe Moneysworth for you is to list the kinds of articles it prints:

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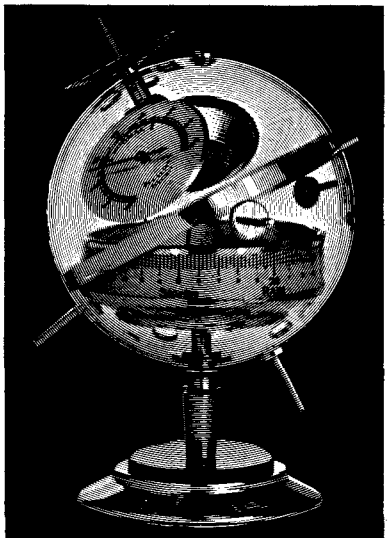

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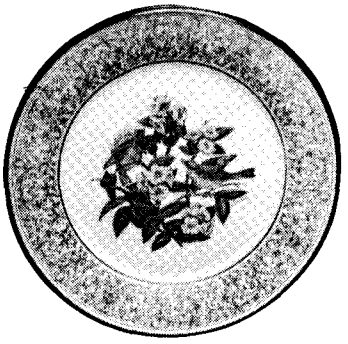

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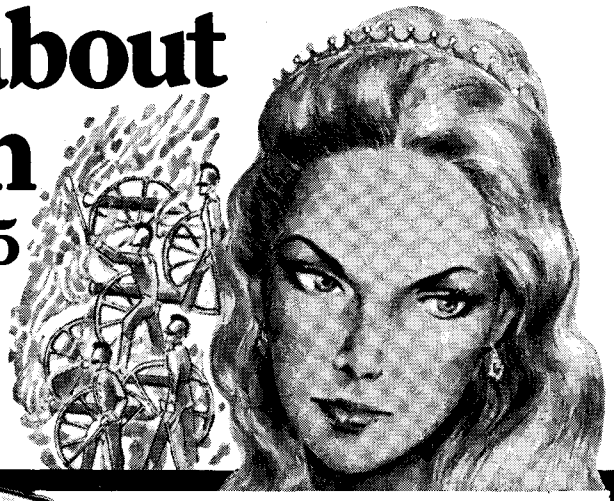

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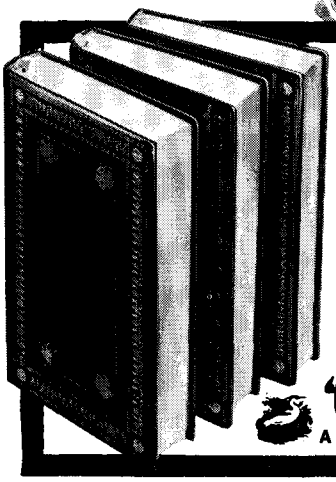

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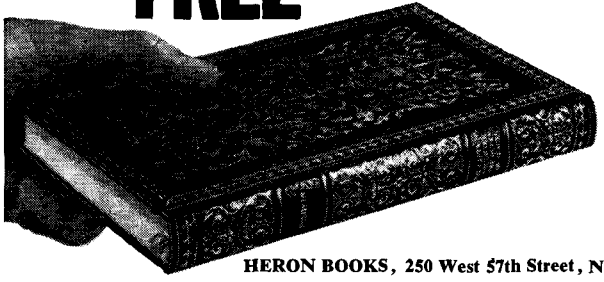

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Young Names Make News

ONE NIGHT a couple of weeks ago, we were sitting out on our terrace under air-polluted skies, dishing the dirt.

It was the night of September 23, when it is our annual wont to invite a few friends to sit with us out there and watch summer pack her leaves and petals and coloring crayons for her trip south just before autumn equinoxes in. She can't stand cold weather.

As she swept majestically away on the crest of a summer breeze, we breathed deeply of the last few riffles, and the topic of debate naturally became: "Is air pollution more (or less) hazardous to health than marijuana?"

It was pro and con, touch and go, until one mother summed up her argument that pot is more hazardous: "When someone starts smoking marijuana, it won't be long till they (sic) go on to heroin, or even worse, to LSD."

"Nonsense," said one of the men. "I've been breathing pollution for some years, and I've never gone on to follow the back of a bus to breathe lead poisoning or, even worse, to lock myself in the garage and turn on the exhaust."

It was not one of your better Aristotelian discussions, as you can tell. It was abruptly ended by someone's pointing out that a person can stop smoking, but they (sic) can't stop breathing. And we went on to a more pleasant topic—the national economy.

That was enough to get us back on marijuana again. The topic, I mean. Parents who, understandably, live in terror that their offspring may become dope addicts have a compulsion to talk about it, to air their helplessness, to salve their consciences, to make certain no one will fault them on that dreaded day when they discover an addict in the bosom of their family.

"We can't come right out and ask them if they're smoking marijuana," wailed one mother. "But every day when they come home from school, I look closely at them. And I watch them secretly. But I don't know what I'm looking at, or what I'm watching for. What's the answer?"

"The answer," said another mother, "is love. Shower them with love."

"Right," said her husband. "We give our kids everything money can buy. Because kids who turn to pot always come from disadvantaged families."

"Not true," said another husband. "How about the 'advantaged' kids we've been reading about lately? How about that daughter of that governor —what's his name again?"

Somebody supplied the name of the governor, and the first name of his daughter. Quickly the others supplied the names of other advantaged children who, because their parents are national figures, had made headlines.

"That is not fair," said one of the group who had been silent. They all turned toward the man known redundantly as "the wise old sage."

"It's not fair," I continued, "to mention the names of advantaged kids and not the others, who are always named collectively as 'Woodstock.'"

"But why, with their parents so rich, would an advantaged child turn to smoking marijuana?" someone asked.

"Because the 'grass' is always greener on the other side of the street," I replied. "And your reference to rich parents reminds me of an old story about the woman who was told that Henry Ford had died. 'Imagine that,' she replied. 'With all his money?'

"But seriously, folks," I continued after the smiles had died down, "rich or poor, the children of these affluent parents all have wandered down the same primrose, or the flower-of-the-dried-hemp, path.

"The trips they take on flights of drug-induced fantasy are the same. Of course, the rich kids go first-class, the poor take the economy flights, but their destination is the same.

"I've heard you mention tonight the names of a governor's daughter, a senator's son, an ambassador's son, a TV star's daughter, a financier's son, another governor's daughter, and a renowned baseball star's son.

"Names, in the mass media," I continued, "make news. But why should the names of the children of parents in high places, who are, in one way or another, responsible for a world teetering on its axis, be made public?

"I ask you," I asked, "is a governor's despair, when he learns that his daughter has taken to marijuana, less than the despair of Mrs. Hoomever on learning that young Johnny Hoomever is an addict?

"Please remember that despair comes in only one size—utter."

"All right, dear," said one of the wives, "you can stop talking. They've all gone home."

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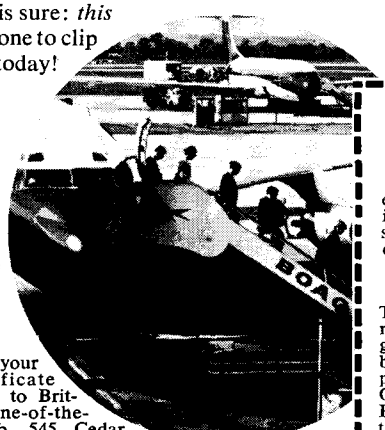

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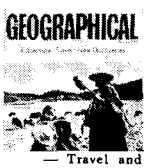

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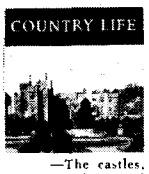

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Our Advertisement of the Week was located by Monica McCarthy of Jamaica Plains, Massachusetts, in the Boston *Globe*:

> DORCHESTER—5 rms., 3rd fl. Rent with option to buy, $115. Children welcome, but must be husband and wife.

Massachusetts, we say, there she stands—with standards still high. But our Announcement of the Week also had standards. Mrs. Howard Townsend of Austin, Texas, found it in the Austin *Statesman*:

> Congratulations and Best Wishes to
> Mary Harding and Archie Lusk, Jr.
> on their
> elopement and marriage, July 29, 1970
> from
> HER FINANCIALLY GRATEFUL PARENTS

"Since my daughter had a large church wedding," Mrs. Townsend writes, "I sympathize." Meanwhile, our friend Olin Clark favored us, in honor of the new football season, with a sports item from the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*:

> The 1970 High School grid wars are on. . . . Clarksdale crushed Cleveland 30-12 and non-conference Amory downed Tupelo 13-0.

Picky picky *Picayune*. After all, we can't *all* be conference.

It isn't every day that a publicity man does a whole book on a client, but it happened this season. It's a picture book called *The Fondas*, and it's by one of New York's top publicists, John Springer. Meeting the smiling John, and knowing the unsmiling Henry Fonda, we wanted to know if he, too, was now smiling. "Henry is happy about the book," Mr. Springer told us, "and Peter is pleased. Jane, though, feels she got short shrift.

"Well," he sighed, as he ordered a diet lunch, "I've covered in great detail everything she's done. But certainly her career is only a fraction of Henry's. And all those *causes*—I know she's sincere, but this isn't a book about causes."

We promised ourselves, later in the column, to give Jane's causes equal time. Meanwhile, we asked Mr. Springer how come the book. "Fonda," Mr. Springer said, "is the most honest actor I know. A guy like Wayne suddenly puts a patch over one eye and acts a dirty old man and everybody says, 'Gee, he can act,' and gives him the Academy Award. Fonda has never gotten an Academy Award, and yet his acting has always been great. Also, not since Barrymore has there been this kind of acting family. The Redgraves, maybe, in England—and individual father-and-son things like the Tyrone Powers or the Jason Robardses. And then there are Bing Crosby's sons, and Frank Sinatra's son and daughter. But you can't compare Nancy and Frank Jr. to Jane and Peter. It wasn't until I was already well into the book that I suddenly thought, 'Gee, you're writing about your own client.'"

Perish, we thought, the thought. Mr. Springer, we learned, was born in Rochester, New York, the son of the head of industrial relations for Eastman Kodak. At the age of fourteen he knew so much about movies he won a Paramount Pictures "Know Your Stars" contest — one that involved voice identification after a mere glimpse of a part of the star's face. He still remembers two things—the earlobe of Helen Twelvetrees and his winning essay—twenty-five words about Sylvia Sidney.

Mr. Springer went into public relations with five clients—Henry Fonda, Richard Burton, Warren Beatty, Robert Preston, and Hal Prince. Within two weeks, he had added Elizabeth Taylor and Mike Nichols. "I wanted to keep it small," he told us. "I wanted to have people I both liked as people and respected as talents. I've turned down about an equal number on both counts."

We cornered the bright and beautiful Jane, who was making the movie *Klute* in Harlem, and went to lunch with her on a break in the shooting. She refused to order anything. "I believe in fasts," she explained. We said we did, too—but not for lunch. We asked her about *The Fondas*. "Peter and I are just kind of afterthoughts in the book," she said quietly, "and I for one resent it. I resent that kind of book anyway. I'd much rather have a direct attack than a nothing."

We told her Mr. Springer had admitted she was extremely sincere about her causes. "That's big of him," she said, "but I hate the word 'cause.' And my concern is not to improve or rectify my public image. It makes no difference to me, and I feel it's a waste of time to try to explain myself. People always hate and resent bearers of bad tidings anyway. And I'm certainly no expert. When an actress just puts her foot into something, she's automatically an expert. I'm just a grass-roots kind of person, and my efforts are involved in grass-roots things."

Among these "grass-roots" things for which Miss Fonda has been responsible is a new GI office in Washington to investigate and document violations of GI rights. The address, Miss Fonda told us, is P.O. Box 9746. She is also supporting Vietnam Veterans Against the War, who have organized the "Winter Soldier" investigation—an inquiry into U.S. war crimes in Vietnam, which will take place in December and at which, she told us, several hundred GIs and veterans will testify. As for her interest in the Black Panthers, Jane told us earnestly, "When I say I support the Panthers, it's not the thing people think of in relation to the Panthers. I think the system can be changed at a root level without a violent revolution because I think our present economic structure will collapse of its own weight. I think they are after root changes, and I think they are armed only in self-defense. But I also think that any black militant who is after root changes and is not armed is a fool."

Miss Fonda's work for the Indians involves two main thrusts: the Pyramid Lake case, which she is helping through the office of the California Indian Legal Services in Escondido; and the Cherokees, whom she is aiding through Stuart Trapp of Talequah, Oklahoma. "In the case of Pyramid Lake," she told us, "not only will the Indians disappear, but so will the wildlife, the lake, and the fish. In the case of the Cherokees, the chief of the Cherokees wasn't picked by the tribe but by the President of the United States. He is only one-sixteenth Indian; he cannot speak to the tribe in its native tongue; and he is in fact the head of an oil company which has acquired extensive mineral holdings from the Indians."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1904)

GEORGE REVELLI:
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*Changed from "throw" to get "m" and "v"

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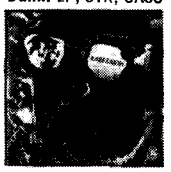

66671 RARE EARTH—Ecology **RarEa** LP, 8TR, CASS

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65775 VERY BEST OF LOVIN' SPOONFUL **KamSu** LP

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33029 BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE—Gonna Be A *Country Girl* **Vangu** LP, 8TR, CASS

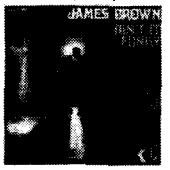
44369 MYSTIC MOODS ORCH. Stormy Weekend **Phili** LP, 8TR, CASS

65779 MELANIE—Candles in the Rain ***Budda*** *LP*

33065 JOAN BAEZ—David's Album **Vangu** LP, 8TR. CASS

42704 CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG—*Deja Vu* **Atlan** LP, 8TR, CASS

43793 SPANKY & GANG Greatest Hits **Mercu** LP, 8TR, CASS



66556 JAMES BROWN Ain't It Funky ***King*** *LP*

49706 B B KING—Completely Well **Blues** LP, 8TR, CASS

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33083 COUNTRY JOE & FISH—C J Fish **Vangu** LP, 8TR, CASS

66530 BOBBY SHERMAN **Metro** LP

42665 CROSBY, STILLS & NASH **Atlan** LP, 8TR, CASS

34525 HELLO DOLLY—Soundtrack **TweCe** LP, 8TR, CASS

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Female Biology in a Male Culture

"We do and feel what our societies want us to do and feel, and the demands that they put upon us are not always either very consistent or very precisely correlated with biology."

by DIANA TRILLING

As a subject of conversation, women's liberation is certainly unequaled for putting everyone, women as well as men, in the happy state of mind that results from establishing one's superiority to whatever is benighted and ridiculous in human activity. In fact, I can think of only one other topic that matches it as a provoker of ignorant mirth among the presumably well-educated, and that is psychoanalysis—not psychiatry, which people have always recognized as a serious subject, but Freudian analysis.

The parallel should not surprise us. In both situations the derisive response represents embarrassment at being caught in a deception, and a defense against being confronted with an unwanted truth. The amusement with which, even at this late date, the mention of psychoanalysis can be met is confirmation that we do indeed have a life of the unconscious that we are fearful of bringing to consciousness. And, just so, the ready mockery of women's liberation is confirmation that women are indeed regarded in our society as of a second order of being, and that we are afraid of having the falseness of this assumption revealed to us. By us, of course, I mean women no less than men.

It is both appropriate and ironic that in undertaking to speak of the present movement for women's rights I bring it into such immediate conjunction with Freudian thought. The appropriateness lies in the fact that for many years my own view of the relation of the sexes was rather substantially shaped by Freud's perception of the differing biological natures of the sexes and of the consequent differences in their psychological lives and their social roles. Recently, this influence has been modified: I tend now to give more weight than I once did to the cultural, as opposed to the biological, determinism in sexual attitudes. For example, I am not as convinced as I might once have been that a woman's willingness to cede power to men necessarily represents a wholesome acceptance of her female role; now I might see it as a not very laudable cultural conformity or even an expediency or laziness. The irony of bringing Freud into immediate connection with the subject of women's liberation lies in Freud's having had such an invidious view of the female sex. I am afraid that the man who sought to liberate the psyche from the hindrances imposed upon it in our human infancy was interested not at all in liberating women from the special handicaps imposed upon them in our society. Nowhere in his writings does Freud express sympathy for the problems that pertain to the female sex alone. On the contrary, his misogyny is now taken for granted even by his most admiring students.

Freud's condescension toward women is rooted in his castration theory, which plays a vital part in his whole theory of neurosis. According to Freud, it is the male sexual organ that constitutes what might be called the natural, or ideal, endowment from which stems the genital envy particular to women and the anxiety shared by both sexes. And no doubt it is as an extension of this view of woman's basic biological inferiority that Freud makes his forthright statement in *Civilization and Its Discontents* that it is men who are the makers and carriers of culture. He adjures women not to interfere with man's life in culture.

The adjuration could scarcely be more irritating, especially when we contemplate some of the activities that men regard as a proper life in culture, like inventing hydrogen bombs or claiming the moon for their own country. Such being man's impulses in culture, one might have hoped that Freud would have encouraged women to tell their husbands to stay home and be sensible. On the other hand, there is nothing either in Freud's formulation of the castration fear or in his general statement of the different relation of men and women to culture that I would be prepared to fault or that people far more competent than I have succeeded in refuting. It would be pleasant, for instance, to accept the idea proposed by Dr. Karen Horney, the mother of Freudian revisionism, and so widely propagated by Margaret Mead, that womb-envy, man's envy of woman because she can have babies and he cannot, plays as much a part in the life of men as penis-envy plays in the life of women. Such an appealing reassignment of biological advantage is supported, however, neither by men's dreams nor their free associations during psychoanalytical treatment.

As to the relative roles of men and women in culture, it would seem to be indisputable, at least historically, that for better or worse men have forged the ideas and provided the chief energies by which cultures develop, while women have devoted themselves to the conservation of what they have found valuable in the efforts of men. We may protest that there is no work in culture that is as valuable as woman's childbearing and child-nurturing activities; that the ability to create and conserve the human race overshadows any other

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DIANA TRILLING, a Radcliffe graduate and a free-lance critic, delivered this essay, in slightly modified form, during a panel discussion on women's liberation held last spring by her alma mater's alumni association.

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conceivable accomplishment in culture. But this, of course, begs the question of why women have not made even a small fraction of the intellectual, scientific, or artistic contributions to culture that men have made.

Finally, we may protest that women's small contribution to culture is not an indication of their capacities but simply reflects the way that men have contrived things to be—that is, we can blame women's small place in culture *on* culture—except that this leaves unanswered the question of why it is that over the long years women have been willing that culture should follow the male dictate. It also leaves unanswered the even more fundamental question of why it is that in every society that has ever been studied—so Margaret Mead tells us—whatever it is that is the occupation of men has the greater prestige: If the men do the hunting and fighting, hunting and fighting are the status-giving occupations of that society; if the men do the weaving and baby-tending, then weaving and baby-tending are the superior activities. We may think of this value system as something that men impose upon women. But then we are forced to explain why it is that even where the women bear arms they have not imposed a different system of values.

The reference back to biology would seem to be unavoidable, and we are returned to Freud's use of the words "passivity" and "activity"—female passivity, male activity. The words themselves almost inevitably imply a judgment, especially in a culture like ours where passivity connotes unattractive attributes: inertness, laxness, the uncritical acceptance of whatever happens to be given. Even as a concept in the purely sexual relation of men and women it suggests that man is the seeker and that woman yields to man's importunities, a description of the sexual roles that is not particularly congruent with our modern sense of the sexual realities. But actually this distinction between the active and the passive sexual roles is an irrefutable fact in nature: The most active seduction or participation on the part of a woman cannot relieve the male partner of his primary physical responsibility in their sexual union. To put the matter at its crudest, the male has the biological capacity to rape; the female has not. We may, if we wish, accuse Freud of drawing too many, or mistaken, emotional and social inferences from this fundamental biological difference between the sexes, but to try to ignore the difference, as some of the women's liberation groups do, is to narrow rather than widen the prospects opened up to us in refusing the tyrannies of biology.

It is reported that Freud would be rather bitterly amused when accused of being dirty-minded because he wrote about infant sexuality; he would point out that it was not he who had created the condition, he had merely recognized it. And obviously he didn't create the different sexual endowments of men and women nor even the emotional consequences of the difference; he only recognized them, and attached these words "active" and "passive" to the differing sexual roles. After centuries of female subjugation, however, it was perhaps expectable that the essential lack of sympathy for women in orthodox psychoanalysis, and in particular its emphasis on women's envy of men with its implication of hostility, would be one of the aspects of Freud's thought that would be most readily received by our society. I think there is small doubt that Freudian doctrine, often scarcely understood or even misunderstood, has enormously powered the development in recent decades of what amounts to virtually an anti-female movement in American culture.

The informing sentiment of this movement is that women are out to destroy men: Women are the natural destroyers of the male species, at least in America. As statistics have been gathering on the appalling numbers of men who die from heart disease in this country, increasingly, the blame has been put on the American wife for the killing demands she makes upon her husband for houses, cars, washing machines, and clothes. She has been pictured as the ruthless exploiter of her male partner, a sort of prototypical domestic statement of the national imperialism. And as Freud's views on the childhood source of mental disorder have percolated into the culture, there has been mounted a growing campaign of mother-suspicion and mother-discreditation. From Sidney Howard's play *The Silver Cord*, in the mid-Twenties, to Philip Roth's still current *Portnoy's Complaint*, our literature has lent its traditional dignity to

"Would it spoil our thirtieth anniversary if I told you I married you for your money?"

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the idea that American women alternate a diet of husbands with a diet of sons.

Nor is it solely on the ground of her inordinate appetites that the American mother is chivvied and mocked: If she cannot be blamed for devouring her young, she is blamed for rejecting them. For some fifty years now, it has been impossible for a woman, especially a mother, to be anything but wrong in our culture; and the more supposedly enlightened her community, the more varied and virulent the attacks, to the point where one often has the impression that the prestige of our best and most progressive private schools is built on the humiliations of young mothers. Moreover, this pernicious assault on women's minds and spirits comes not alone from men. Perhaps even more of the time, it comes from other women.

Any adequate statement of woman's inhumanity to woman might perhaps suggest that what eventually is wrong with women is that there are other women in the world, and that women are to be condemned out of hand for their betrayals, overt and covert, of their own sex. But such harsh judgments of women minimize the range and subtlety of the difficulties by which they are beset. It may not be very edifying to contemplate the spectacle of women acceding in whatever is the form that the disparagement of their own sex may at the moment be taking just so that men will be reassured that they deserve the status conferred upon them by their superior biological endowment, but if it is on a man's sexual confidence that a woman's sexual and maternal satisfactions depend, and if, too, the male in our society is willing to pay for his biological advantage by assuming the financial support of his wife and family, it is more than understandable, it is plainest reason, that a woman should place the male interest, whether real or only fancied, above that of other women.

In particular it is understandable that women should come to feel that they are not defeated but fulfilled in accepting the passivity that is implied by acknowledging man's primary sexual-social role. For living by one's deference to the needs of those one loves is one of the pleasanter modes of existence—as well as, I might add, one of the most taxing. It is a grave fault of modern culture that it trains us in the belief that whatever defers to others is an *in*action and therefore of only secondary social value.

And yet, even while we record the appeal on behalf of passivity, the question presses upon us whether our female-ists, who stress their satisfaction in devoting their lives to being good wives and mothers, would settle for this domestication of their capacities if they lived in a society where different requirements were made of women than are made in our culture. We are told that the women in the Israeli kibbutzim who serve side by side with their men in the army and in the fields and who give up the larger part of the rearing of their children to communal nurseries show no sign of being unfulfilled as women. Nor, apparently, are their men castrated by this sexual equality. It would also seem clear from Solzhenitsyn's remarkable novel *Cancer Ward* that, although a woman surgeon in the Soviet Union may return from a grueling day in the cancer hospital and, like working wives everywhere in our servantless world, still accept it as her job to do the marketing, cooking, cleaning, and laundry, it is not in her home and family but in her "real" work, her man's work if you will, that she invests her pride of being, including her peculiarly feminine pride of being. It is undoubtedly one of the significant revelations of this book that in a situation where the women carry equal responsibilities with men it is still the men who fill the top hospital posts; but no less fascinating is its revelation of the many wholly unself-conscious ways in which the women physicians manage to irradiate their grim hospital routines with a sexually distinguishing gentleness and delicacy. From evidences like these I think we must conclude that women are considerably more flexible in the matter of how they can derive their fulfillment than most American women are yet prepared to recognize, and that it is perhaps only because our culture prefers that its women find their best satisfaction in the activities of home and family that the women themselves obediently discover it there.

In other words, we are all of us, men and women both, the creatures of culture: We do and feel what our societies want us to do and feel, and the demands that they put upon us are not always either very consistent or very precisely correlated with biology. In wartime, for instance, when men are away and women not only take jobs in factories and on farms but make all the financial and practical decisions usually made by the male head of the family, no one thinks of accusing them of conduct unbecoming a woman. Or if a woman is forced through widowhood to earn her own living, no one is moved to put a brake on her competitiveness with men; she is thought a castrating woman only if she now switches the dependence she once had on her husband to her grown children.

And in a similar reversal of values, I can imagine a moment—and perhaps a not very distant moment—when the conserving instinct of women will become the most active force (and I emphasize the word "active") in the continuing life of society. I have in mind the active role that women may soon be called upon to play in rescuing the modern world from pollution; and when I say called upon, I mean called upon not by men but by themselves, by their own intelligence and appreciation of the extent of the emergency. Since so far it seems to be impossible for men to mobilize the energies they use for the conquest of other planets for the preservation of life on Earth, women may well have to take over the job. This is one kind of activity in culture, one form of competitiveness beyond the limits of home and family, in which the female sex would surely excel: the competition to perpetuate life. It is a program to which women's liberation could, and should, rally all women.

But when I say that women are the creatures of culture, while I obviously mean the prevailing culture, I do not necessarily mean only the dominant culture of the society. It may well be that among those who most dramatically dissent from our dominant culture, and in particular among the young, there are being forged attitudes that will importantly alter the relation of the sexes in the dominant culture of the future.

I suppose it is natural enough that in the matter of renovating the relations of men and women it is on the score of women's professional and legal rights that the voice of contemporary protest is making itself most readily heard. This is perhaps the area in which men are finally the least challenged; it is, of course, the area that is sanctioned by the historical efforts on behalf of sexual equality. It is nevertheless possible, I think, that the cause of women's professional rights—the demand that women receive equal pay for equal work and similar advancement for similar merit—may be be-

(*Continued on page* 40)

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Boys in the Attic

THE BROADWAY SEASON is off to a rather gentle start with *Bob and Ray—The Two and Only*. In it, Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding simply offer us some of the casual horsing around with radio and TV interviews that has been their stock in trade for twenty years.

William Ritman has designed a cluttered attic in which the distinguishedly undistinguished comics seem just a couple more leftovers. This is useful because the humor of Bob and Ray depends upon our cherishing their preposterous ineptitude. Almost all the twenty short sketches they meander into begin with a mild optimism and then work their way down to peteredout resignation and helpless failure. Bob and Ray are the efficient modern world's rejects, and their material is the recorded radio or TV interview that went wrong and was stored in the attic for future nonuse.

The patterns of each amusing failure become quickly obvious. There's a little bit of Bob Newhart in a radio interviewer who reveals to a cranberry-grower the possibility of making cranberry juice and cranberry jelly instead of trying to sell the crop to people who want to make cranberry shortcake. There is a subtly absurd non sequitur quality about one interviewer who keeps asking the questions his subject has just answered, or in a scripted session where the interviewer finds himself feeding his subject opportunities to shine at the program's expense. Patently ridiculous is a session in which the raconteur keeps forgetting the punch lines to his anecdotes. But the most genuinely funny bit of the whole evening is the utter exasperation expressed by Ray at the maddening task of interviewing the president of the "Slow Talkers of America."

To break up the monotony, director Joseph Hardy frequently sends one or the other of the two performers offstage to appear to us on a large TV screen mounted on one side of the stage. One TV newscast, in which a Washington correspondent repeatedly fluffs his attempts to make a clean tape of a simple news item, becomes a running gag that gives some sense of structure to the random proceedings.

All in all, it is an innocuous evening that because it never seems to be trying too hard to achieve much of anything, never disappoints. Yet despite its casualness, it adds up to a rather accurate and modestly entertaining lampoon of TV's and radio's officious rituals.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Ford's Theatre with its rich atmosphere of American history is the ideal place for a re-creation of a Chautauqua performance by the late Will Rogers.

And happily, Circle in the Square at Ford's Theatre has brought actor James Whitmore here in Paul Shyre's shrewd arrangement and adaptation of Rogers's material, which is labeled simply *Will Rogers' U.S.A.* Mr. Whitmore begins as himself and then becomes Will Rogers merely by adding a stick of chewing gum, a bandanna, a cowboy hat, a bowlegged walk, and a twirling rope. From this point on he clumps good-naturedly about the stage, quietly passing on his thoughts, and performing a few rope tricks.

Early in the proceedings, he points out that a comedian entertains and a lecturer annoys. And obviously he is trying to do both. Furthermore, he is honest about his intentions when he points out that he and George Bernard Shaw are alike because "we both know something's wrong with the world and we don't know how to fix it, but we're both willing to try at so many cents a word."

However, for all his geniality, the Will Rogers we see here is not without sting. He was obviously sympathetic to the plight of the poor, the Indians, and the Negroes, and his yarn about a gall bladder attack while lecturing in the South cleverly hits the target when he confides, "Ordinarily, when you get a pain in your stomach in Mississippi, you'd take it to be gunshot wounds."

The latter is only one of many items that, although prompted by America in the 1920s, unfortunately retains pertinence in the 1970s. His smiling comparison of American military forces destroying a foreign country in order to save it with a Chinese navy sailing up the Mississippi to protect their laundries in Memphis is delightful, and his cheerful boast that we'll send Marines to any nation that can get together ten people who say they want them is remarkably apt in view of our dubious involvement with Southeast Asian governments. Drawing the most applause, however, is the comment Rogers made about Calvin Coolidge. He says, "When Coolidge was Vice President, he did the right thing. He kept his mouth shut."

Of course, a great deal of the evening is milder fun. And I'm not sure we believe either Whitmore or Rogers when he concludes by saying, "I never met a man I didn't like." Yet, the total effect of the performance is to remind us rather dramatically how Rogers, who epitomized grass root American values, was so strongly critical of a government that had very much the same attitudes and failings as our present establishment.

ODESSA, TEX.

A brave attempt to develop a year-round professional resident theater in this West Texas city has been spawned by the astonishing fact that an Odessa Junior College professor, Marjorie Morris, was able to erect a replica of Shakespeare's Globe Theater here. For, once the conjectural but scholarly reconstruction was completed, Odessa citizens were not content to let the building remain a museum. Thus, three years ago they brought in young actor-director Charles David McCally to produce plays in the "Globe of the Great Southwest."

With the modest resources available to him, McCally set out to create a summer Shakespeare festival. To date, each of the three festivals has expanded its playing schedule, and the local company has been more and more augmented with professional guest actors. The 418-seat auditorium has been made more practical by the placing of a roof on top of the open-air original, the installation of air conditioning, and the addition of a small thrust stage, which extends the playing area out into the space where once the groundlings stood. Even in Texas you won't find many people willing to stand for three hours to watch a play.

With such facilities, the next step was to institute a winter season that would serve Odessa's 90,000 and nearby Midland's 62,000 people with productions of classical plays. The first production of the 1970-71 season, *Macbeth*, is intelligent and imaginative, and happily resists the picturesqueness suggested by the stucco trappings of the mock Elizabethan stage structure. To give us an interior *Macbeth*, the director uses lighting to make the witches disembodied heads floating above the action. And some of their predictions, as well as some of Macbeth's spoken thoughts, are heard over amplifiers. Mark Dempsey looks and sounds like a Macbeth should, and he is capably supported by Virginia Anton as Lady Macbeth and Howard Lucas as Banquo.

A visit to the Globe of the Great Southwest offers both a glimpse of Shakespeare's England and a theatrically modern staging of one of his plays in the course of one evening.

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Explanations and Excesses

When construction workers, some of them with crowbars, wade into a group of students, laying about them indiscriminately, not everyone joins in denouncing the hardhats. "I am opposed to violence," is a typical reaction, "*but* you must understand the special circumstances. Americans can take only so much spitting on the flag, only so much draft-dodging, only so much abuse and nonsense. After all, the construction workers are only human and they are patriotic Americans." It is the kind of explanation that invites further violence.

When young people set university buildings afire, sacking libraries and beating up professors, not everyone joins in denouncing the students. "Try to see this in context," it is said. "We cannot condone violence, *but* we must recognize that what we are witnessing is actually a deep reaction by young people to all the brutality, irrationality, and hypocrisy of a society that can adjust to alcoholism in adults but is punitive about the use of marijuana by the young, a society that accepts bombing of villages and defoliation but regards long hair as immoral, a society that has less difficulty in finding places on the war front for its young men than in helping to build a better world." Again, it is an explanation that leads to excess.

Almost inevitably, many of the same people who have no difficulty in finding extenuating circumstances to account for the violence of the hardhats find it impossible to accept any explanations for the violence of the students. Similarly, many of the people who are capable of comprehending the underlying reasons for student violence have no disposition to accept any explanations for the excesses of the hardhats.

The President of the United States has inveighed against violence. He has declared that American society cannot avoid collapse if each group or faction inside it is allowed to feel free to draw up its own rules of the game. Yet what was the effect of his special invitation to the hardhats to visit him at the White House? The effect was to destroy the point of his message by making national heroes out of violent men. He put extenuating circumstances above principle. And so the notion is now strengthened that change can be achieved only by wrenching it out of the gizzard of a resisting society.

The American people are in trouble today not just because of the severity of their problems, but because the yardsticks for measuring and dealing with change are breaking down. The need for change is not the main issue. The main issue is that too few are willing to stand by any governing principles having to do with change. The result is a bumbling amateurism in dealing with historical processes. Passion is a valuable ingredient of change, but if it is detached altogether from knowledge and the making of objective judgments the result is likely to be a bloody spew. Conflicting and competing claims on public attention and support are as natural as claims on the public treasury, but these claims become random and explosive in the absence of a responsible basis for evaluating them and fitting them into the essential business of the whole community.

Vice President Agnew does not serve the whole community when he argues against permissiveness but permits himself to be permissive about hardhattism. Nor do the Vice President's critics serve the whole community by dwelling on the reasons behind student unrest without also expressing an essential indignation over terror—whatever the reasons and whatever the age and condition of the terrorists.

So long as excuses are made for excesses, there will be a multiplication of excesses and a shrinkage in the chances for any basic upgrading in the human situation inside the United States. For that situation is fundamentally a pluralistic one. Pluralism is infinitely desirable, but it is also infinitely difficult. It gives history beautifully textured effects, but it also lends itself to absurdities. People who live on common ground tend to dig in at the most unseemly places. The only way the pluralism can work—the only way a consensus society can function—is by keeping the confusions and the combustibles apart. The trouble with "Burn, baby, burn" as an ideology is that babies get burned. The slaughter of innocents is what happens when know-nothingness and vengeance converge.

The oldest political truth in the world is that the only ultimate protection against generalized violence is the particularized pursuit of justice. The nation must therefore fix its main attention and energies on responsible and effective ways of dealing with the grievances and dreams of its people. It must not be deflected from this purpose by those who attach fuses to those grievances or dreams. Nor can it grant special dispensations for violence to any of its members.

There are two notions about making social justice available. One is that social justice, like a cake, can only be divided into so many parts, and that in order to make one slice larger another slice must be made smaller. This notion supports violence. The other notion is that the cake itself must be made ever larger and better and that the quality and fair division of it are the proper business of society. This notion, properly pursued, can produce a good society. It is still too soon to say which of these two notions will prevail. Both are being tested. One thing is certain: A responsible society cannot exist without standards any more than it can advance without goals. The standards must be applied with understanding and compassion, but they must have a life of their own. People, whatever their reasons, can only be judged by what they do. —N.C.

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Letters to the Editor

Other Larrys

ALTHOUGH Robert McQueen's "Larry: Case History of a Mistake" [*SR*, Sept. 12] tells of one of the most appalling cases I have read about, still one salutary fringe benefit emerges from Larry's years in limbo: Lacking anything else to do, he taught himself to read. Isn't there a lesson here for parents and educators? If a boy like Larry, of normal intelligence but growing up without meaningful social contacts, could learn to read, and read well, by himself, why do so many of our children (and adults) read so badly even after years of schooling? Clearly, part of the answer must lie in the fact that reading has to compete with too many other activities and amusements that are more fun and require less effort.

What chance does a child have to develop a taste for books if he never has a minute to himself when the boob-tube isn't blaring forth or he himself is not being whisked off to Scouts or dancing lessons?

Parents have to set an example, of course. If the adults of the household sometimes spend the evening reading, then the child, in self-defense, must take up a book in order to maintain the quiet atmosphere they require.

MRS. ROY W. MEYER,
Mankato, Minn.

IN HIS RECENT ARTICLE, Dr. Robert McQueen asks, "How many Larrys are there?" If my experience as a psychologist in Arizona's largest school district is a typical one, then my answer would be somewhere in the thousands.

Currently, in this state, the local school receives $390 more for each "educable mentally retarded" child than it does for children in regular classes. Students who are culturally different are the main victims of a system that benefits the local district financially each time such a child is defined as retarded (handicapped). He then grows up in the school environment of a Special Education class, necessarily low in educational expectation and lacking in appropriate stimulation. These are the children who will assure the community an army of workers prepared for none but the most menial jobs. This is how the system works, and, as long as the public remains ignorant and/or tolerant of educational administrators and psychologists who perpetuate it, the system will continue as a menace and a financial burden to the community.

MRS. MARGARET TILFORD,
Tucson, Ariz.

The Acid Test

STORIES on the "blackballing" of some researchers from the Surgeon General's Scientific Advisory Committee on Television and Social Behavior—including Robert Lewis Shayon's well-researched column "Choosing the Investigators" [TV-RADIO, Sept. 5]—omitted some important facts. These stories noted that the TV networks were invited to pass upon the "scientific impartiality" of a list of candidates for appointment to the committee, and that —with only CBS declining to comment on the list—the final selection included some industry employees and former employees. Regrettable as that is (and it may not be without *some* value to involve the networks in the work of the committee), it is not the whole story. A committee is what a committee does. The main task of this committee is to sponsor research and to advise the Surgeon General on available scientific findings. The committee's charge specifically excludes making policy recommendations. Therefore, ultimately more important than the committee's composition are the soundness and integrity of the research funded by the committee and the researchers' right to publish independently.

It is not insignificant that Dr. Percy Tannenbaum, one of the blackballed researchers, is a major recipient of research funds from the committee. I personally believe that a researcher should either do his research and report freely, or sit on the committee, but not both. That is why I declined to be considered for membership on the committee (after my name was mentioned in *Broadcasting* magazine as among possible candidates) but agreed to carry out a project for the committee along lines of my own scientific interest. I alone am responsible for the conduct and conclusions of this research. Our freedom to publish as we see fit is protected by a contract that stipulates that "nothing . . . shall be construed as restraining the freedom of the contractor to develop and interpret the results of his findings in accord with his own scientific judgment."

Isn't that the crux of the matter? All politically inspired committees are "political," but they do not all have the courage and wisdom to support research, the conclusions of which they might not like. Instead of undermining whatever good might come out of the work of the committee and its support of free research, critics and the public should suspend judgment until the results are in. The test will be the committee's review of the evidence it receives in light of the researchers' own independent scientific conclusions and judgments.

GEORGE GERBNER,
Professor of Communications,
University of Pennsylvania,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Good Humor

AS A LONG-TIME SUBSCRIBER, I was delighted to see Burr Shafer's cartoons in recent issues of *SR*.

Some years ago I collected these as they came out, and, like so many others, I am sure, I was sorry to hear of his death.

Now that some time has passed, and the cartoons are, perhaps, new to many of *SR*'s present subscribers, I think it is a splendid idea to reprint them.

ELIZABETH BOOTH,
Boston, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *See page 64 of this week's issue; other reprints are forthcoming.*

"Make me soft and cuddly."

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

This Is No Drill

ACCORDING to all signs, indications, and portents, there may never again be a motion picture made on so large a scale as *Tora! Tora! Tora!* If today some studio head were to suggest spending $20- or $25-million on a subject so sexless as the Japanese surprise attack on Pearl Harbor he would undoubtedly be separated from his desk and perhaps be advised to seek psychiatric guidance. Nevertheless, this Twentieth Century-Fox enterprise, which is really two films, made separately and then combined neatly into one, strikes me as worth every bit of its cost. It is a sturdy, remarkably authentic, truly spectacular account of an event that changed America's history and the world's.

Nearly two-and-a-half hours long, the film begins slowly, almost undramatically, and for those a little hazy about their history and unaware of the hovering implications of meetings, planning conferences, code translations, and the like, it may seem slow and lacking in action. But not for long. For it builds and builds, and as the mosaic is carefully fitted into place, the points keep ticking off. Since the story is told from Japanese and American points of view, we learn that the "day of infamy" was also a day of proud glory. We also learn that Japan's "pre-emptive strike" (termed, on our side, a sneak attack), executed brilliantly—if any destructive act can be regarded as brilliant—was also the first large step in its course of national suicide.

The film can be taken all sorts of ways. The superpatriots may well see it as demonstrating the need for perpetual war preparedness. The antimilitarists can easily regard it as telling proof of the Strangelove hypothesis. For here was a large-scale attack, the largest naval aerial assault yet mounted up to that time, that was assiduously planned for almost a year, and all our generals and political leaders seemed not to have the foggiest notion that it was coming, even though, unknown to the Japanese, we had broken their code. Intercepted messages went to the highest levels, but not, ironically, to the President. Reason? Breaches of security: Earlier messages that should have been burned after reading were found crumpled in his wastebasket.

How naïve now seem the words of Secretary of State Cordell Hull: "In all my fifty years of public service . . . I have never seen a document more crowded with infamous falsehoods and distortions. . . ." He was speaking of the final Japanese reply on peace negotiations handed to him an hour after the attack had begun. For ten years the newspapers of the world had been crowded with such falsehoods and distortions uttered by Hitler, among infamous others.

Back at Pearl Harbor, the Army commander, General Short, had made sitting ducks of his planes by insisting they be lined up wing-tip to wing-tip on their fields (he was worried about internal sabotage) so that the low-swooping Japanese planes could make a monstrous bonfire of them. When finally it was clear in Washington (because of the broken code) that something of moment was about to occur, General George C. Marshall, our chief of staff, was at last found on his early morning canter in Arlington. A message was indeed sent to the Army and Navy commanders in Hawaii; it arrived, by Western Union, five hours after a good part of our fleet rested on the bottom of Pearl Harbor.

All this, and much, much more is in *Tora! Tora! Tora!* The Japanese sequences, with appropriate subtitles, were filmed by Japanese directors, technicians, and first-rate actors. The American sections were directed by Richard Fleischer, with scrupulous fidelity to historical fact, and he was also responsible for welding it all together. Several familiars play important but hardly starring roles, among them Martin Balsam as Admiral Kimmel, Jason Robards as General Short, Leon Ames as Frank Knox, E. G. Marshall as Colonel Bratton, the man most aware of Japanese intentions. President Roosevelt is never seen, and perhaps rightly, for he, as other histories have made clear, was far more concerned about swinging the mood of the country toward war with Germany. Pearl Harbor, of course, neatly, if not nicely, did the job for him.

But for those eager for spectacle *Tora! Tora! Tora!* provides all that can possibly be expected. The Japanese fleet creeps through fog-shrouded Pacific waters, undetected for 3,500 miles; battleship row goes up in geysers of oil, water, and flames. The superbly trained Japanese pilots swoop so low they all but touch the ground. The best spectacle, I suppose, is that which makes you wonder how it was accomplished. You feel that wonder. But, also, while it happens, while bombs crash, barracks collapse, and bewildered brass gaze at the debacle through headquarters windows, a sense of history broods over it all. Wars are no longer politely declared. That time, many thousands; next time, if it comes, many, many millions. One hardly needs to say that *Tora! Tora! Tora!* is both powerful and meaningful and the very model of a major motion picture.

"Come, dear. Head up, shoulders back, chest out. Show the world you don't give a toot what the 'Washington Post' said."

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Hemingway Between Triumph and Disaster

by JOHN W. ALDRIDGE

ISLANDS IN THE STREAM

by Ernest Hemingway

Scribners, 466 pp., $10

At the time of his death in 1961 Hemingway is known to have had at least four book-length manuscripts in various stages of preparation. There were the two nonfiction books: *A Moveable Feast,* his collection of Paris sketches published posthumously in 1964, and *The Dangerous Summer,* of which three portions dealing with the Ordoñez-Dominguín bullfights of 1959 had appeared serially in *Life* in 1960. In addition, he had been working on a very long but presumably unfinished novel called *The Garden of Eden* and a book often referred to as the "Land, Sea, and Air Novel" based on Hemingway's experiences during World War II.

In spite of the quantities of gossip that have accumulated around the Hemingway tragedy over the last nine years, very little has been said about his still unpublished works. According to Carlos Baker, his official biographer, the complete text of *The Dangerous Summer* is now "locked away" at Charles Scribner's Sons and seems a generally mediocre piece of writing. Judging by the quality of the *Life* instalments, one would suppose that as a book it would be best kept locked away. Since 1961 it has been impossible to obtain reliable information on either the status or the whereabouts of the two fiction manuscripts, *The Garden of Eden* and the "Land, Sea, and Air Novel," and reports circulated during Hemingway's lifetime were contradictory in the extreme. There is some evidence that he may have worked sporadically on both right up to his final illness and breakdown. But one does not know how far he had progressed or what disposition was later made of them. It may be that they were among the unfinished materials found on his work table after his suicide. It may also be that they were finished and placed in deposit—as his widow and others have said was sometimes his custom—in bank vaults, at his publishers, or with certain trusted bartenders.

In any case, information has been so meager that undoubtedly few people outside Hemingway's immediate circle of family and friends were even aware that such a work as *The Garden of Eden* existed until Baker referred to it in his biography. The description he gives there is far from complete, and it would appear that he saw only a draft of the work in progress. But if the book is as preposterously bad as he makes it seem, one can only hope that the novel's publication will be delayed until such time as it can safely be offered as a literary curiosity too ancient to be any longer embarrassing. Baker characterizes it as "an experimental compound of past and present, filled with astonishing ineptitudes . . . a long and emptily hedonistic novel of young lovers in the old days of Grau-du-Roi and the Costa Brava: page after page of their talk was filled with inconsequential commentary on the color and condition of their hair, the food and drink they were always consuming, and the current state of their suntanned skins."

This is all we have heard about *The Garden of Eden,* and it would seem to

JOHN W. ALDRIDGE, professor of English at the University of Michigan, is the author of *After the Lost Generation, In Search of Heresy, Time to Murder and Create,* and other works. His *In the Country of the Young* was published this year.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

23 **"Islands in the Stream,"** by Ernest Hemingway

26 **Book Forum: Letters from Readers**

27 **"Sir Walter Scott: The Great Unknown,"** by Edgar Johnson; **"Scott: The Critical Heritage,"** edited by John O. Hayden

30 **"Constant Reader,"** by Dorothy Parker; **"You Might as Well Live,"** by John Keats

32 **"Winckelmann,"** by Wolfgang Leppmann

33 **"Standing Fast,"** by Harvey Swados

34 **"The Driver's Seat,"** by Muriel Spark

34 **"Creamy and Delicious: Eat My Words (In Other Words),"** by Steve Katz

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be more than enough. About the original manuscript of the "Land, Sea, and Air Novel," on the other hand, we have heard a great deal for years, but what we have heard has told us little. In fact, ever since 1949, when Malcolm Cowley writing in *Life* confirmed the many rumors that Hemingway was engaged on a big new book about the war, the "Land, Sea, and Air Novel" has been the most widely publicized literary mystery of the past two decades. Scarcely any of the information released during Hemingway's lifetime contained more than an oblique reference to the book's theme or subject matter. One learned only that the action was supposed to be divided into three parts corresponding roughly to the different phases of Hemingway's experience of the war, first as captain of his cruiser, the *Pilar*, during its service as an improvised submarine-chaser in the waters around Cuba, then as a correspondent with the RAF over France and Germany and finally with the Fourth Infantry Division during the Allied drive across Europe. Most of the publicity took the form of reports concerning his rate of progress with the book, and these were so contradictory that they served only to deepen the air of mystery surrounding the whole enterprise. They even caused one to wonder whether the book actually existed.

Cowley said that Hemingway began writing it before Pearl Harbor and by 1949 had completed more than a thousand pages. But as early as 1946 Hemingway had announced that he had completed 1,200 pages—a report which, if true, would indicate that in the following three years he made no progress at all. The columnist Leonard Lyons has been quoted as saying in 1954 that "the long novel is finished and is in a safe-deposit box in a Havana bank." But Hemingway apparently had not heard the news, for in July of 1955 he was still apprising the public of his progress. In fact, he seemed actually to have lost ground. The number of pages he said he had completed had dropped mysteriously to 900. Then a year later in a *Look* article he wrote that he had reached the 850th manuscript page, evidently having lost another fifty pages in the interval. Finally, more than two years later, his rate of loss having sharply accelerated, he is reported to have told Earl Wilson that he had "finished page six-sixty-seven today."

These contradictions may or may not be important in themselves. They may indicate only that Hemingway was speaking on one occasion of rough-draft pages and on another of finished pages. But they may also indicate that there was some real ambiguity about his progress on the book and perhaps about his imaginative relation to his materials. Surely, there is some ground for suspicion on both counts. If, as Cowley claims, Hemingway actually began the book before Pearl Harbor, he appears to have been sufficiently cavalier in his attitude toward it to be able to interrupt the writing again and again to do other things and even to take on other and, one would think, much less important literary projects. Between Pearl Harbor and 1949, in addition to his Q-boat operations with the *Pilar*, he had been extremely active as a war correspondent, had produced a large quantity of journalism about his experiences, written several introductions to books, and edited the *Men at War* anthology, and in 1949 had suspended all other operations to write *Across the River and Into the Trees*. By 1952 the only material remotely related to the "Land, Sea, and Air Novel" which he apparently had ready to publish was *The Old Man and the Sea*, and that book had nothing to do with the war at sea.

Hemingway's desultory progress on his big novel might not by itself have seemed especially disconcerting when one considered his temperamental restlessness and the wide range of his interests. But there were certain facts that made it deeply disconcerting. For one thing, it was not at all like him to suspend work on his important books for long intervals. In the past he had followed a carefully disciplined routine and rarely allowed himself to be distracted from the writing of a book until it was finished. Yet now he appeared to be almost frantically seeking distraction and taking advantage of any excuse, however trivial, to avoid full commitment to the big novel.

Second, contrary to the statements made by his intimates, it had also not been Hemingway's habit in the past to put finished manuscripts in the bank for extended periods before publishing them. (He evidently did not follow this practice in the case of any of his earlier books.) One does not know whether the big novel, as originally conceived, was ever finished. But if it was and Hemingway thought it successful, there is little likelihood that he would have postponed its publication, particularly at a time when he is known to have been acutely conscious of the need to bolster his reputation with an important new work. Hence, it may be that either he was unable to finish the book as he had planned it, or he did finish it and was dissatisfied with the result.

Hemingway might well have had his doubts, for there was good reason to suppose that he could no longer rely on the absolute rightness of his instincts or work with anything resembling his old energy and endurance. He had apparently been in failing health for quite some time, perhaps even as far back as the war. But the injuries he suffered in the two African plane crashes of 1954 apparently brought him in the next few years to a condition of virtually complete physical and mental

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

O YE POETS!

Who or what is being addressed in each of these first lines from familiar poems? To ease the task imposed here by E. R. Cole of Cleveland, Ohio, he has listed the responsible poets for you to match up with their lines. Answers on page 39.

1. Thou still unravished bride of quietness ( )
2. Do not go gentle into that good night ( )
3. Break, break, break ( )
4. Hail to thee, blithe Spirit! ( )
5. Others abide our question. Thou art free ( )
6. Stern Daughter of the Voice of God! ( )
7. Thou fair-hair'd angel of the evening ( )
8. How do I love thee? Let me count the ways ( )
9. Queen and huntress, chaste and fair ( )
10. Thou mastering me ( )
11. Hog Butcher for the World ( )
12. Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie ( )

A. Chicago
B. Diana
C. duty
D. father
E. God
F. louse
G. Robert
H. sea
I. Shakespeare
J. skylark
K. star
L. urn

a. Arnold
b. Blake
c. Browning
d. Burns
e. Hopkins
f. Jonson
g. Keats
h. Sandburg
i. Shelley
j. Tennyson
k. D. Thomas
l. Wordsworth

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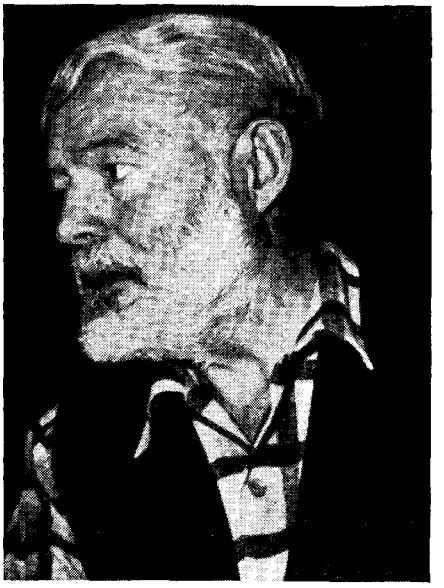
breakdown. It seemed obvious also from the internal evidence of the work published in the Fifties that his physical deterioration had been accompanied by a decline in creative vitality. In 1950 he published *Across the River and Into the Trees,* surely the poorest of his novels, and even though *The Old Man and the Sea* represented for many people a triumphant recovery, it could also be seen to have a quality of specious attractiveness and efficiency that in fiction so often results from the avoidance of more problems than are confronted and overcome. It was, in short, a safe book in the sense that it was made up of the best of Hemingway's old market-tested materials, stylistic and dramatic effects which at one time had been arrived at with some real originality and risk through a vital engagement of life, but which were now merely postures and autographs of famous but dead emotions. The problem was not only that Hemingway was sounding like himself in a manner that seemed synthetic. It was also that the self he sounded like was not the self he any longer was. Writing for him had apparently ceased to be an act of self-discovery and had become an act of self-resuscitation.

At any rate, as various commentators have indicated, Hemingway originally planned *The Old Man and the Sea* as a coda or perhaps a fourth part to the sea section of the "Land, Sea, and Air Novel." But, significantly, he chose instead to publish it as a separate short novel. While continuing to work on the big book, he may slowly have revised his original plan to the extent of limiting the action to those experiences relating to the sea only. It may also be, as Carlos Baker suggests, that certain of the materials concerning the war in Europe were incorporated into *Across the River and Into the Trees* and presumably were either used up in that way or never completed as a separate section of the projected long work. In any case, Hemingway may have decided—or his widow may have decided after his death—that a publishable novel could be made out of the sea materials alone, and it is this section, or surviving version, of the big book and not the big book itself (the remainder of which, if it was ever written, is still not accounted for) that has now been published, with some emendations by Mrs. Hemingway, under the title *Islands in the Stream.*

In it Hemingway tells the story of a painter named Thomas Hudson—whose circumstances and experiences in some ways closely resemble his own—during three phases of his life: in the mid-Thirties on the island of Bimini, where Hudson is living alone after a divorce and is visited by his three sons; a number of years later in Cuba during the war, when Hudson is involved in secret antisubmarine activities using his cruiser as a Q-boat; and a short time afterward when Hudson and his crew set out in search of survivors from a destroyed German submarine, this episode culminating in a gun battle and Hudson's wounding.



—*Springer Bettmann Film Archive*

Ernest Hemingway—Writing became an act of self-resuscitation.

Knowing that this may well be the last new Hemingway novel we will ever see, one approaches it with a mixture of wariness, awe, and considerable anxiety, hoping that through some charity of the gods it will turn out to be very good, but knowing also the chances against the novel's being other than very bad. It would be nice homage to be able to pronounce it a masterpiece. There is diminishment for each of us in the possibility that the book might prove a disaster. But the worst diminishment of all: if honesty forces it upon us to be equivocal, finicky, and faint, to say, as unfortunately one must, that the book is neither very good nor very bad, but that it is both, in some places downright wonderful, in others as sad and embarrassingly self-indulgent as the work of any sophomore.

In this respect it resembles *For Whom the Bell Tolls* perhaps more closely than it does any of the earlier novels. There are other obvious similarities between the two books, but they are most strikingly similar in the way each brings together in a single narrative—at times within the space of a single page—some of the best and worst features of Hemingway's writing. The interesting thing, furthermore, is that these features relate in both books to the same kinds of material. Those sections that are devoted mainly to the description of physical action are almost invariably excellent. Those in which the physical action is interrupted to give Robert Jordan and Thomas Hudson an opportunity to *think,* to analyze their feelings or to find intellectual justification for doing what they are about to do, are as vapid and pretentious as such passages nearly always are in Hemingway. Luckily, the two kinds of material are not present in equal amounts in either book: the passages describing physical action far outnumber the passages of intellectual analysis in both. But the element that finally saves *For Whom the Bell Tolls* is missing from *Islands in the Stream.*

In the latter there is no coherently formed or sufficiently compressed narrative structure in which the action can take on the intensity or the meaning it would seem potentially capable of developing. There is also no thematic design strong enough to support the weight of Hudson's sagging cerebral muscles or to give his thoughts the kind of relevance to the action that Jordan's can finally be seen to have. Where *For Whom the Bell Tolls* is held together by the rigid economy of the form and the tightly interlocking relationship of events occurring over a period of a few days, the new novel is composed of episodes much more widely spaced in time and only vaguely connected by an evolving plot. The result is that such dramatic tension as may be generated in any one of the episodes tends to be dissipated in the lapse of time separating it from the next. The problem is not simply that the book is divided into three parts but that, as a novel, it *disintegrates* into three parts or long short stories, and these are related only by the fact that Hudson is the central if somewhat opaque character in all of them.

Yet taken separately, as, given the looseness of structure, they must be taken, many of the episodes contain the most exciting and effective writing Hemingway has ever done. There is a marvelous ocean-fishing sequence in Part I, the account of a protracted and agonizing struggle by one of Hudson's young sons to bring in a giant fish. The pathos of the boy's almost superhuman effort — which of course ends in last-minute failure — is brilliantly evoked, and one realizes that here is a dimension of Hemingway one has seen before but perhaps not often enough, that side of his nature which was capable of responding not merely to bluster and bravado but with admiration for bravery in the weak and with tenderness toward weakness in the brave. There are also some nicely comic scenes in a Havana bar that are reminiscent of the better moments of *To Have and*

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Have Not, and the best sustained piece of writing in the book, the long story of the search for the German submariners ending in the gun battle. This is one of the most impressive descriptions of physical action to be found in Hemingway, comparable to the finest of them all, the account of El Sordo's last stand on the hilltop in *For Whom the Bell Tolls.*

Yet in spite of the high quality of individual episodes, one still senses a deficiency in the whole, which another comparison with *For Whom the Bell Tolls* may help to clarify. When he wrote that book, Hemingway was still close enough to the values and emotional responses of his early career to be able to use them to give a plausible edge of tragedy to Robert Jordan's story. Jordan was the climactic Hemingway hero and the last of the heroes able to embody convincingly the old attitudes about life, love, courage, and death. Even so, one saw that the old attitudes were being stretched extremely thin in Jordan. Already the Hemingway style, which had once been not merely a certain choice and arrangement of words but the verbalization of a distinct metaphysical view of experience, showed signs of hardening into a stance. The conviction was beginning to drain out of it, and it was obvious that Jordan, in those rather maudlin moments of introspection, was struggling hard to keep his old attitudes intact.

But one also saw that this very feature of the novel, this element of ideological strain, helped to provide it with its considerable dramatic tension. There was the conflict, never finally resolved, between Jordan's World War I negativism, the rather effete *Weltschmerz* of Jake Barnes and Frederic Henry, and the requirement imposed by his situation that he be positive and idealistic in his beliefs. Jordan had continually to persuade himself that he believed in the Loyalist cause, just as he had to persuade himself that he believed in the war and, with less success, in "Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

Then there were the other sources of dramatic tension: the conflict between the desires of love and the demands of duty; the difficulties Jordan encountered in trying to persuade the guerrillas that they should help him perform a mission in which he himself could not entirely believe; the poignancy of all emotions in the face of danger and the threat of death. There was all that Jordan stood to lose by the action of blowing the bridge. There were Maria and his possible future with her. There were all the experiences of life he had always enjoyed and wished to be able

(*Continued on page* 39)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Message from Lorca

ROBERT CLEMENTS [BOOK FORUM, Sept. 12] is quite right: friends of the poet in Spain speak of him either as Federico or as Lorca.

In response to my request that he write something in my autograph album (I was a student in Madrid in 1921, and knew Federico intimately) he tossed off a poem entitled "Limonar," and signed it "Federico García Lorca, Granada." After thanking him, I asked, "Shall I use all three names if ever I communicate with you?" His eyes twinkled as he said, "On an envelope 'Federico Lorca' will do; but if you address me—verbally, of course—as friend, say 'Federico,' and if you refer to me as writer, just say 'Lorca,' as you say 'Cervantes,' and some others."

IRVING SCHWERKE,
Appleton, Wis.

Further Report from the South

IN HIS REVIEW of *The South Reports the Civil War,* by J. Cutler Andrews [*SR,* July 18], Frank Freidel said that the Confederates referred to the Yankees as "the Abolitionist troops." I don't know where he got his information, but my wife's grandfather, George Nichols, served with the Army of Northern Virginia in every major battle of the war. He wrote a complete account, including many conversations with his comrades (all fellow residents of Wayne County, Georgia). Not once does he refer to the enemy by that term.

He mentions slavery only twice. In giving his reasons for enlisting, he remarks that neither he nor his family had "ever owned a slave or been unkind to a Negro." Later, in his account of the battle of Gettysburg, he reports how the devoted slave of the wounded Lieutenant Mincey managed to steal a horse and wagon and get his master across the Potomac after he had been abandoned by his troops. Grandpa remarks on this mostly because the slave could have "walked away at any time and been a free man."

George Nichols's book has now been published under the title *A Soldier's Story of His Regiment.*

PHILIP WEIDLING,
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Ax-grinding and Ego-sharpening

CURT LEVIANT'S WEARISOME WORRYING over I. B. Singer's *A Friend of Kafka* [*SR,* Sept. 19] is cranky and resentful. Gossip is not criticism. Sanford Pinsker's flashy put-down of Dan Jacobson's *The Rape of Tamar* [*SR,* Aug. 29] is hurried and cute. The ranking game is not comprehension.

Caught between those with old axes to grind or new egos to sharpen, I find myself more often than not skipping the book review section altogether, except for the protesting letters to the editor. They at least are transparently partisan.

IRVING H. BUCHEN,
Hazlet, N.J.

Barrie Deserves Better

PHILIP BURTON'S REVIEW of Janet Dunbar's *J. M. Barrie: The Man Behind the Image* [*SR,* Sept. 12] impresses me as a discussion of Barrie as a man and as a writer, rather than as a review of the book. It is interesting, but I believe Barrie deserves better treatment.

AVERY D. WEAGE,
Scribner, Neb.

Loathsome Fungus

I ACTUALLY CRIED when I read the review of *The Sacred Mushroom and the Cross* [*SR,* Sept. 19]. For a man to have studied the original writings of the Old and New Testaments and come up with a perverted idea like this one is beyond belief.

God save us from such minds as John Allegro's.

KAY HAYGOOD,
Dallas, Tex.

I WAS DELIGHTED TO SEE that Raphael Patai had the discernment and erudition to see through the nonsense of that hoax *The Sacred Mushroom and the Cross.*

FREDA BUNNER,
Owen Sound, Ont.

Biological Determinism

MY WHOLE LIFE as an engineer and observer has convinced me of the validity of C. D. Darlington's thesis as described by John Platt in his excellent review of *The Evolution of Man and Society* [*SR,* Aug. 22]. Recent medical research in brain structure confirms the view that biological determinism, not "free will," governs every action of man, including his thoughts. So when Mr. Platt insists in his last two paragraphs that there are "nongenetic mechanisms" influencing genetically-determined man, let me tell him he is wrong. "Nurses and teachers" and "group or societal practices" are all reflections of genetic structure.

J. KUSTOWSKI,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dram, Not Dream

AS A LONG-TIME FAN of "the late, great lady" Charlotte Armstrong, let me point out that the title of the best of her books (in my opinion) is *A Dram of Poison,* not "A *Dream* of Poison" as stated in the CRIMINAL RECORD Aug. 29.

SALLY HARVEY,
Monrovia, Calif.

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SIR WALTER SCOTT: The Great Unknown

by Edgar Johnson

Macmillan, 2 vols., 1,397 pp., $25

SCOTT: The Critical Heritage

edited by John O. Hayden

Barnes & Noble, 554 pp., $15

Reviewed by Robert Alter

■ Edgar Johnson has aptly subtitled his massive biography "The Great Unknown," an allusion to the epithet applied for some twelve years to the anonymous author of the Waverley Novels, until Sir Walter Scott, already well known as a poet, revealed that he was their creator. Scott himself, both as man and as writer, has, Johnson contends, remained a Great Unknown for a century and a half, and this study, the result of more than fifteen years of painstaking research, seeks to rectify the situation.

With Scott the man Johnson has achieved a splendid success, as authoritative as his masterly biography of Dickens published in 1952. On Scott the writer, however, Johnson is more an enthusiast than a critic, and his 250 encomiastic pages on the poetry and the novels, presented in separate chapters after the relevant biographical sections, do not really explain that stunning literary phenomenon.

Although comparisons with Dickens seem to have been deliberately avoided, there are obvious affinities between the subjects of Johnson's two works. Scott and Dickens were the two great best-selling authors of nineteenth-century English fiction, earning the equivalent of millions of dollars in today's currency with a dizzying production of novel after novel. If Dickens is, in F. W. Dupee's shrewd phrase, "the artist as tycoon," Scott is the artist as baronial entrepreneur. Although every inch the businessman concerning his writing, he preserved an esthetic allegiance to the forms and values of a feudal past, and a proudly aristocratic sense of *noblesse oblige* that would lead him to refuse the capitalist's easy way out—bankruptcy—when he was faced with financial disaster because of the failure of his publishers. (It is surely fitting that Scott was created a baronet for his literary achievements.) All this has been known in general outline since Scott's own time. The value of Johnson's book is not only its rendering of precise details, but its bringing forth, patiently and persuasively, of the inner core of Scott's life.

Dickens was a troubled man, and precisely for that reason he has often

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"It is, without question, one of the ablest works of American biography I have read in many a year. . . . It is very well written—I'd say of prize-winning quality." – MATTHEW JOSEPHSON. "The most interesting book I've read in a very long time. No one, to my knowledge, has done anything half as good on the economic history of this country . . . to skip a page or two simply won't do. You will have missed something."—LOUISE HALL THARP. *1,072 pages. 16 pages of halftones, frontispiece.* $15.00

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The Heirs of Donne and Jonson
Joseph H. Summers

This new critical work provides a fresh view of a number of early seventeenth-century poets – among them, Suckling, Herrick, Marvell, Carew, and Herbert – and focuses upon the individual quality of their poetry. In an opening essay the author sums up the contrasts between Donne and Jonson.
200 pages. $6.00

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seemed our contemporary. The pattern of his life is immediately accessible to our own neuroses, from his childhood trauma to his adult struggle with inner demons, in which the horrors of the self and of society fused into a vast phantasmagoric vision. What is puzzling about Scott for us, to whom sickness has become a kind of normality, is the uncanny healthiness of the man. (Carlyle was the first to insist on this quality in him.) At first approach, Scott's life appears to have something of the externality with which his detractors have reproached his novels. Under the severest stresses he maintained an equanimity that hardly seems plausible. His determination to be unhampered by the lameness that resulted from polio in his early childhood impresses one as being not so much heroic as simply matter-of-fact. Despite his intellectual precocity, Scott radiated during his childhood a typically boyish energy, engaging in youthful free-for-alls in the streets of Edinburgh and adventurous jaunts across the Scottish countryside. After suffering a hopeless first love, he married happily and settled down to a career in law, soon made financially secure by his obtaining a permanent judicial post.

Even the most trying of all tests, dazzling worldly success, had no apparent effect on Scott's basic soundness. Though vaunted throughout Europe as "the Napoleon of modern letters," he remained unassuming, congenial, and considerate alike toward strangers and friends. When one considers the bristling egotism to which writers are prey, Scott's honest deprecation in speaking of his own work is as astonishing as it is disarming.

Because Edgar Johnson scrupulously avoids any novelistic freehand "re-creation" of his subject, we continue to see Scott in all this barely credible healthiness and apparent serenity until the most crucial juncture of his life. Just a few months before the financial catastrophe of 1825, Scott began to keep a diary, and so the biographer is able to offer a documented inner view of the man as his world crashes around him and as, failing in health, he drives himself during his last seven years to double his already prodigious literary output in an attempt to pay back the fortune he owes.

The inner view is not altogether what one might have expected from the outward man. The convivial Scott, princely entertainer and irrepressible raconteur, asks himself what he would do if he had to choose between eternal company and solitary confinement for life, and unhesitatingly opts for endless solitude. On hearing that the poet Southey had actually wept for his fellow-writer's sudden misfortunes, Scott wonders whether he would be capable of doing the same for Southey, and questions the genuineness of his own altruism: "I sometimes think I do not deserve people's good opinion, for certainly my feelings are guided by reflection rather than impulse." Musing on the harsh private destinies of the guests at a dinner party, Scott sounds more like Joseph Conrad than the author of *Waverley*: "What a strange scene if the surge of conversation could suddenly ebb like the tide and [show] us the state of people's real minds! . . . Life could not be endured were it seen in reality."

Emerging, above all else, from the diary is a fierce, almost fanatical assertion of will in the face of impossible odds: "Indeed, I do not like to have it thought that there is any way in which I can be beaten." Edgar Johnson characterizes this attitude as stoicism, and it does have an admirable stoic aspect, but it also contains a potent element of pride alien to stoicism—even in his most private experience, Scott does not like *to have it thought* that he can be beaten—and an unstoic desire to exert power over the external world through unflagging effort of will.

This fervent belief in the autonomous will is still another significant connection between Scott and Dickens, and is the quality that makes both of them preeminently nineteenth-century culture heroes. From our own historical viewpoint, in which man is so often seen as the victim of forces beyond his comprehension and control, what is especially fascinating about Scott is the way he consciously fashioned the character he decided he should have. As Johnson aptly concludes, "His character was an achievement, not a gift of nature," and the biographer persuasively argues that the achievement was no less authentic, and certainly more impressive, for being willed.

Where some readers may want to part company with Johnson is in his repeated assertion, buttressed largely by plot summaries in rhapsodic prose, that Scott's artistic achievement is of an order inviting comparison with that of Shakespeare and Tolstoy. In this respect John Hayden's ample anthology of nineteenth-century criticism is a valuable complement to the Johnson biography. Many of the Romantic and Victorian critics, even in the high tide of the Scott vogue, were remarkably cool-headed and skeptical in assessing the nature of this unprecedented literary success. In his own lifetime Scott was accused of all the faults that would later be held against him in the decline of his reputation: carelessness of composition, a tendency to prolixity, the often mechanically conventional quality of his style, his manipulation of history as scenery and plot as suspense.

The most fundamental objection, however, to Scott's novels, in the nineteenth century and later, was to their superficiality. Stendhal, comparing Scott's fiction with *La Princesse de Clèves*, states the case in a devastating epigram: "The doublet and leather collar of a medieval serf are easier to describe than the movements of the human heart." This judgment is too telling simply to be dismissed but too sharply formulated to be entirely accurate. Scott at his best does show convincing insight into character, into "the movements of the human heart," though admittedly with less subtlety than the great practitioners of the French psychological novel. His lasting contribution to the genre, as Georg Lukács, David Daiches, and others have shown, was his grasp of the profound implication of individual character in social environment and in the movement of history. One may doubt whether Stendhal himself would have been able to record so finely the shaping pressures of the historical moment on character in *The Red and the Black*—with its Scott-like subtitle, "A Chronicle of the Nineteenth Century"—if he had not read the Waverley Novels.

Beyond this important new sense of history and character, there is much in Scott that is admirable, that helps explain why the books worked so well for masses of readers. He knows how to make a story move (as even so fastidious a judge as Henry James observed), his folksy subsidiary characters are justly famous for their vividly engaging presence, and in the best of his dialogue he has a wonderful ear for the eloquence of untutored speech. Nevertheless, his fiction is too often cluttered with mere entertainer's clap-

FRAZER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1419

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1419 will be found in the next issue.

ZWTDU IWPVAJN AP MARRNK-

NUV RKET XEM'P IWPVAJN,

DUM XNUNKDSSH EGGEPNM

VE AV. —DUDVESN RKDUJN

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1418

All real works of art look as if they were done in joy.

—R. Henri.

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trap and the pallid formulas of convention, and clearly there are important ranges of experience that are outside his reach. Scott himself was aware of this limitation in scope; anticipating Stendhal's criticism, he notes in his diary after reading *Pride and Prejudice*, "The Big Bow-wow strain I can do myself like any now going, but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description is beyond me."

Scott's ability to do the Big Bow-wow strain so well is the principal reason for his overwhelming popularity among the readers of his own age, which is to say that his historical importance lies less in his intrinsic contribution to literature—though this was far from negligible—than in his role as a phenomenon of the sociology of literature. Again, several of Scott's contemporaries were quick to grasp this fact. Hazlitt describes the sense of welcome relief afforded the enervated sensibilities of modern readers by Scott's robust historical scenes, "like the effect of plunging a nervous valetudinarian into a cold-bath." Carlyle, in a similar vein, speaks of a "vigorous whole-life" that Scott's novels make available to an age of skepticism and spiritual languor "reduced to live a stinted half-life."

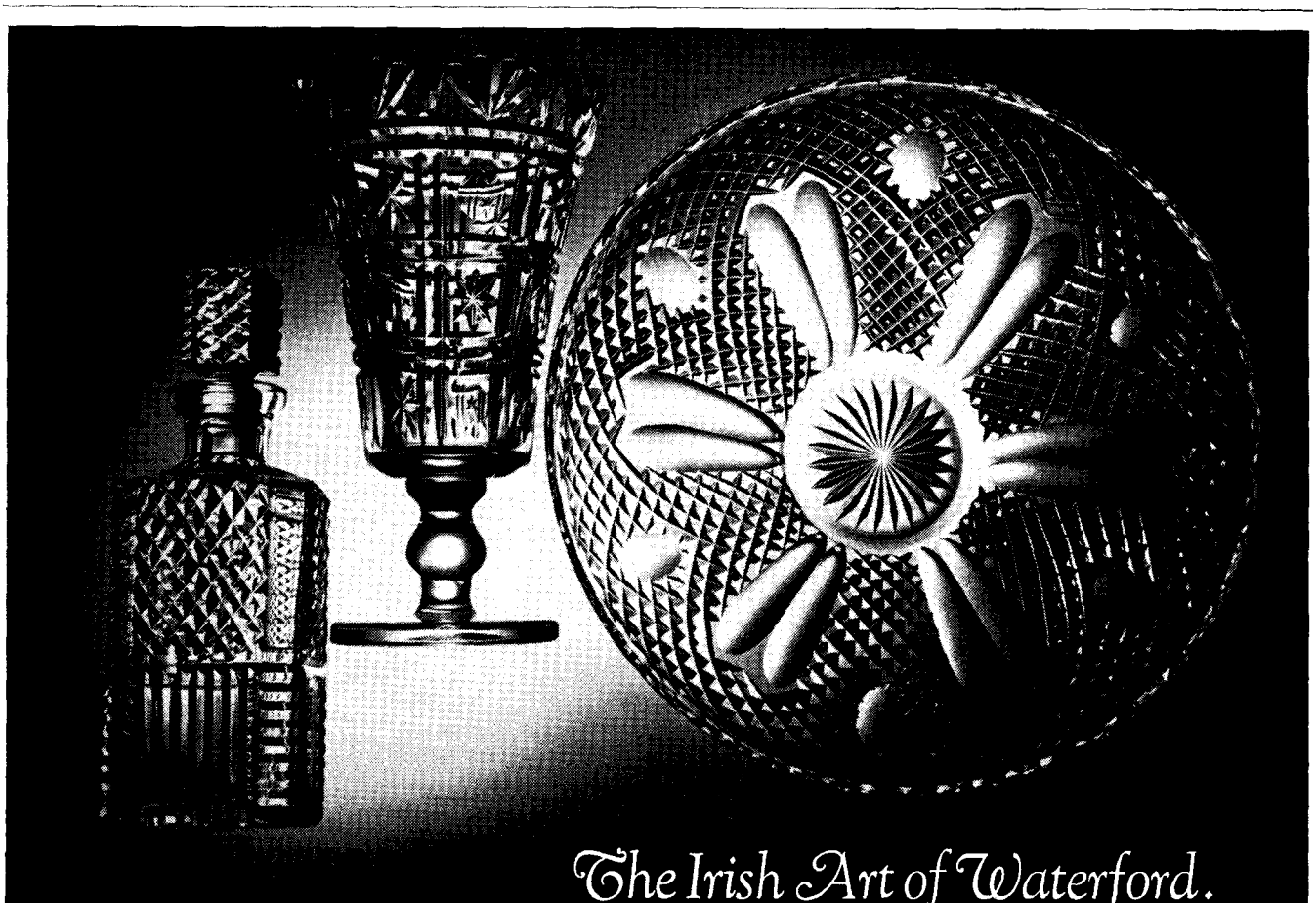
It is Coleridge, however, in a note on the flyleaf of his copy of *Peveril of the Peak*, who makes the most penetrating observation on Scott's relation to his audience, incidentally invoking the phrase "age of anxiety" in precisely the sense in which it would come into currency more than a century later:

> The absence of the higher beauties and excellencies of style, character, and plot has done more for Sir Walter Scott's European, yea, plusquam-European popularity, than ever the abundance of them effected for any former writer. His age is an age of *anxiety* from the crown to the hovel, from the cradle to the coffin; all is an anxious straining to maintain life, or *appearances*—to *rise*, as the only condition of not falling. . . . Every man . . . reads, as he smokes, takes snuff, . . . goes to a concert, or a pantomime, to be *amused*, and forget himself.

If this judgment seems a little unfair to Scott, it is surely a just description of the way Scott was frequently used by readers. One might hesitate to assert flatly that Scott's work is generally devoid of the "higher beauties and excellencies," yet there is much in his novels that lends itself to casual amusement, facile wish-fulfillment, escape from the frustrations and vexations of ordinary life. He was the first best-selling novelist, and his books, for all their intrinsic merit, resemble the ensuing flood of popular historical romances, fictionalized biographies, detective novels, and tales of exotic adventure and derring-do in providing masses of readers long hours of pleasurable escape.

Scott, as his human lineaments emerge from Edgar Johnson's definitive biography, is one of the great men of the nineteenth century, but one feels that he did not altogether fulfill the responsibilities of his greatness in his art. "Life could not be endured were it seen in reality," he had noted, and his fiction is more often an evasion of the unendurable than an imaginative attempt to see it all, unflinchingly. The Dickens of *Bleak House, Great Expectations, Our Mutual Friend* had learned —or was driven—to use the fictional medium to see life in reality, even where it could scarcely be endured, and that is an ultimate measure of his stature as an artist. Scott was content to put the medium to a lesser use, and this, for all his extraordinary talent, places his novels outside the circle of the highest achievements of the genre.

Robert Alter is professor of comparative literature at the University of California, Berkeley, and the author of "After the Tradition."



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CONSTANT READER

by Dorothy Parker

Viking, 157 pp., $5.95

YOU MIGHT AS WELL LIVE: The Life and Times of Dorothy Parker

by John Keats

Simon & Schuster, 319 pp., $7.50

Reviewed by Elizabeth Janeway

■ Dorothy Parker put a stamp on her time. She set a style of needle-sharp wit that did nothing to protect her against hopeless "done-her-wrong" love affairs, but she was elusive in life and she remains elusive today, even though the legend still lives. She didn't want a biography written about her at all, according to her old friend Lillian Hellman, and she contributed to this end by telling people anything that came into her head about her past life. She embroidered her love affairs into stories and reflected on them ruefully in poems, but that was typical, for, since these art forms are fiction, what she was saying could always be denied. And yet she herself, her nerves, opinions, prejudices, and reactions, are everywhere in her writing, including the reviews from *The New Yorker* collected in *Constant Reader*. She will interrupt a dedicated and laudatory analysis of Hemingway's short stories to write: "You see this silver scar left by a bullet, right up here under my hair? I got that the night I said that any well-told story was worth the telling." Her way of making a point, that is, was to bring in a character named Dottie Parker and have her say something emphatic.

One cannot escape the feeling, reading this collection, John Keats's biography, and, once more, the stories, that Dorothy Parker was unable to get away from herself. And she didn't like herself. I think she must have spent her life locked up within her personality, subject to the masterful machinery for making mistakes which she continually set going, as if she were living in jail or in a nightmare. Keats's book bears this out. Its style is banal and its vision far from profound, but it is solidly down-to-earth about the pattern shown by the public facts of her career. She was, par excellence, the celebrity whose success destroys her, who can't accommodate to fame and who throws money away because its possession makes her feel guilty.

It's almost too easy to trace the roots of her inability to accept good fortune to her devastatingly unhappy childhood, but there seems to be no alternative. Mr. Keats doesn't tell us much about it, but the facts he gives

—*Wide World Photos*

Dorothy Parker in 1963 at age seventy—"She didn't like herself."

are confirmed emotionally in her writing. Her mother died when she was still a baby. She regarded her father as a monster, lived in terror of him, and spoke of him all her life with horror. She was so bitter against her stepmother that she never called her anything but "the housekeeper." Half-Jewish (born Dorothy Rothschild), she was sent to a convent school. Her stepmother both insisted on her "Jewishness" and asked her, when she came home from school, "Did you love Jesus today?" Obviously, she was being brought up to hate her family, and she did. "If ever I wrote about my childhood," she said, "you wouldn't sit in the same room with me." Equally obviously, she was being brought up to hate herself, and she did that, too. Families can be left behind, but Dorothy Parker carried Dorothy Rothschild with her for seventy years, and one gets the feeling that she loathed the poor creature as deeply as her stepmother had.

This rough and ready psychoanalysis is offered with apologies, but it seems to explain a recurrent pattern of feeling that Dorothy Parker recognized and wrote about over and over again:

> By the time you swear you're his,
> Shivering and sighing,
> And he vows his passion is
> Infinite, undying—
> Lady, make a note of this:
> One of you is lying.

Even more direct is a line that forms the refrain of a ballade: "I loved them until they loved me." Any man in her life who made that mistake brought himself down to the level of despised little Dorothy Rothschild, a creature who was unworthy of love. So, hating her and confined within her, Dorothy Parker insulted the men who loved her, for that love stamped them as tasteless fools. The ones she loved were those who lied to her, took her money, made love to her, and married someone else. My own guess is that more of them loved her than she knew, for she must have frightened many away. When that happened she suffered horribly, and wrote about it.

The point I want to make has to do with her work and not her life: she couldn't keep them apart. An embarrassing kind of personal emotion leaked into her writing, marred it, made it intensely difficult for her to face her work (she suffered recurrently from writer's block), and created even in her good things an overemphasis that leaves one uneasy. She insists on points till one longs to tell her to quit; in her stories, that's what her nagged lovers do—or else they get up and flee. Both in life and in fiction she didn't know where to stop, and though she dealt with this very circumstance in the stories, they themselves are infected with it. She was like her friend the lady who spoke eighteen languages and couldn't say "no" in any of them. (Which is, the ego analysts say, what sometimes happens when a bullied child never finds the proper limits of his personality because he isn't allowed to say "no" at the age—about two—when he is first trying to separate himself from the world around him.)

Being frightened to say "no" to life is not the same thing as saying "yes" to it; but it does give those who are brave or desperate enough a sort of defense by offense. They are willing to go further than others, willing to take on a big dare. It seems to me that there is something of this quality in Dorothy Parker's famous wit. She dared to say what others wouldn't. She said it faster

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and, being both talented and sensitive, neatly and with more sting. Sensitive to ridicule as she was, she made others ridiculous. Is that a defense? It is if you are sure that no one else can say anything nastier to you than you habitually say to yourself. Her wit was a way of showing off (and so gaining praise) while, because she ran the risk of exposing herself to retaliation, she didn't need to feel guilty for being praised. She was willing to gamble as long as she had a fair chance of losing, and, since it was she who set the terms, she always did.

Again, though this is a comment on her personality, it holds for the stories, too. For they disturb one by being so full of contempt: not just anger against a philistine world that closes its eyes to freshness and joy, but loathing for the inhabitants of that world. And this in itself does away with the freshness, joy, and openness she seems to be praising. No one in her stories really has a chance to get out of the trap. The dice are loaded and the deck is stacked. This is more than a refusal to look for happy endings; it's an insistence that happiness doesn't exist, a commitment to making sure that it never will.

Keats's biography illustrates Dorothy Parker's propensity for doing this to herself as well as to her characters. In spite of its rather heavy-handed approach, I found it well worth reading. He has talked to many people who knew her, and the picture that comes together is a gripping one: a woman caught in a life which she turned against herself. Whether those who knew her well will approve I can't say; I only met Dorothy Parker once, and the small memory I have of her agrees entirely with Keats's image. She seemed pitiable, puzzling, determined (in a rather tired way) to say something memorably outrageous, and she was profoundly inattentive, as though giving a show for an audience she didn't care about any longer, if she ever had. And yet one admired—and admires in this book—the courage she brought to life and the intelligence with which she commented on it. She got into appalling messes, did and said unbelievably painful things, and yet one feels the human tragedy of a compelled spirit, caught in a cage of insatiable longing for comfort. She never experienced it. When she was close to it, she threw it away. Hers is a sad and terrible story, and Keats doesn't sentimentalize it, for which much thanks.

The collection of Dorothy Parker's reviews for *The New Yorker* (thirty-five of the forty-six she wrote from 1927-1933) is particularly interesting after one reads the biography, because they show her sensitivity at work on material that is necessarily outside her own life. One wishes she had to do it more often. True, some of these reviews are set-ups for mistressly bitchiness. William Lyon Phelps, Elinor Glyn, and Emily Post are not so much reviewed as raped. Which no doubt they deserve —but, then, why pick on them? They were, for her, easy targets, and one wishes she had gone after bigger game. When Dorothy Parker did look at serious work by other writers, she could offer real insight. On several occasions, too, the surrounding social scene gave her a subject that could stand up to the full treatment: Aimee Semple McPherson, "Our Lady of the Loudspeaker," for example, and Nan Britton's report on the shenanigans between herself and President Harding. Here, one feels, Mrs. Parker's gift for taking the skin off a victim found worthy subjects.

Most moving of all the reviews is a contrapuntal treatment of *The Last Post*, by Ford Madox Ford, and a newspaper report on the case of a "Mr. William Doe" who had been charged with writing poison-pen letters to city officials. Mrs. Parker quoted the article:

> Mr. Doe from the first stoutly denied that he had anything to do with the

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letters or knew anything about them. He was at a loss to explain them and the use of his name in the signatures. Yesterday he said that the only explanation he could think of was the fact that his mother had kept him and his brother in long dresses until they were nine years old and that he had since then frequently been a victim of practical jokes perpetrated by his childhood acquaintances.

Dorothy Parker didn't attack Ford's novel, but she thought that it rang thin and flat when compared with the fate of William Doe and "those first nine terrible years of his life." Of course, she was also facing, obliquely and in her own fashion, the obscene power that had blighted her own childhood. One sees, I think, from the roundabout way in which she did it how heavy its grip remained.

Elizabeth Janeway's next book will be "Man's World, Woman's Place: A Study in Social Mythology."

WINCKELMANN

by Wolfgang Leppmann

Knopf, 324 pp., $10

Reviewed by Robert Payne

■ Johann Joachim Winckelmann was one of those profound scholars whom an ungrateful posterity has consigned to limbo. He belongs to the company of men who are never read, whose names appear only in obscure footnotes, and whose ideas have become so commonplace that it is very nearly impossible to imagine that they were once fresh and new and torturously conceived. If Winckelmann is remembered at all, it is for a reason that can have given him no pleasure during the two centuries he has been brooding among the shades. We remember that he was murdered, and we forget that he made a revolutionary contribution to the study of art.

Winckelmann's chief claim to fame was that he was the first to look intelligently at Greek art and to recognize that it possessed an organic growth of its own. He placed it in its social, political and religious setting, and observed its slow rise to maturity and decay. He rediscovered the lost art of antiquity for Europe, and made so many discoveries about the nature of Greek art that he virtually invented it. His first publication, "Reflections on the Imitation of Greek Works of Painting and Sculpture," was a pioneer study of the first magnitude, which deeply influenced Goethe and generations of scholars. After Winckelmann came the little men who filled in the details.

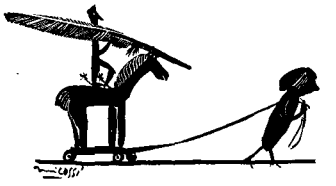
We must therefore be grateful to Wolfgang Leppmann, who has written the first detailed biography of Johann Winckelmann to appear in English. Grateful, but not too grateful; for Professor Leppmann writes in the accepted pedestrian style reserved for academicians, with heavy Germanic overtones. Nevertheless, the heart of the matter is here. We can follow Winckelmann's career from his poverty-stricken childhood in Germany to the great days when he was librarian to Cardinal Albani and consorted with notables. When, for example, Sir William Hamilton visited Rome, he demanded the services of the famous art historian for the inevitable peregrination through the ruins.

Winckelmann loved ruins. He gloried in the opportunity to see the antique statues in the private collections, to catalogue them, to contemplate them in the light of his perpetual adoration, and to write about them at length. Born in 1717, he lived in a Baroque age, when the churches of Rome resembled spun sugar, and he had a proper detestation of the style. For him, Baroque was merely the corrupt flower of an art scarcely worth bothering about; he consigned Bernini to the devil. What was Bernini, or even Michelangelo, compared with Phidias? Rome was his point of departure for excursions into the art of ancient Greece. Among Greek sculptures Winckelmann was at home, and it hardly mattered to him that he was seeing Roman copies. Behind and beyond them lay the majesty of Greece, which he never visited except in spirit. The study of statues, coins, medals, and texts—especially Homer—enabled him to achieve the imaginative leap into the past. Sometimes, inspired by the sublimity of ancient marble, Winckelmann wrote like an angel.

He made mistakes, of course. More than half the works of Greek art familiar to us today were unknown to him. In his *History of Ancient Art* he included a lengthy description of Egyptian sculpture and painting, and got nearly everything wrong. Yet often he was superbly, prophetically right. Winckelmann announced, for instance, that if people would excavate the Etruscan tombs, they would find marvelous paintings. He was convinced that Etruscan culture derived from Greece, and he was not wholly wrong. Like André Malraux, who was also self-taught, Winckelmann possessed the gift of audacity, and he was happy only when he could travel where no one had traveled before. When he wrote like an angel it was because he had wrestled with angels.

Professor Leppmann writes like a sensible Baedeker, not especially enamored of Winckelmann's flights of the imagination, but doggedly determined to give the facts and to sketch in an adequate background. He depicts Winckelmann in the round: opinionated, something of a toady, always insecure, severely trying the patience of nearly everyone who ever knew him, afflicted with homosexuality, proud of his few possessions, always laboring heroically to produce his books while only too deeply aware of the misery of his private life and the fragility of his hopes. Professor Leppmann is inclined to emphasize the homosexual element in Winckelmann. He states, for example, that the *castrati* in the papal court, with their "fleshy hips and smooth backsides, . . . corresponded more closely than either the male or the female to that nebulous 'line of beauty' that Winckelmann, along with generations of philosophers . . . sought so eagerly." There was nothing nebulous in the line of beauty discovered by the Greeks, and on the evidence Winckelmann seems to have fallen hopelessly in love with youthful noblemen rather than with *castrati*.

Professor Leppmann prints in full the confession of Francesco Arcangeli, the convicted thief who was Winckelmann's murderer. It is an extraordinary document, bringing the crime vividly to life. We see Winckelmann bending over a book; suddenly a rope is thrown round his neck. A powerfully built man, Winckelmann grapples with the attacker and succeeds in pulling the noose away from his neck. Then



he slips and falls, and Arcangeli stabs him to death.

I suppose I wish it were a different book. Professor Leppmann provides the letter but not the spirit. E. M. Butler described Winckelmann superbly in the forty pages she devoted to him in *The Tyranny of Greece Over Germany*, and Walter Pater's fifty pages on him in *The Renaissance* are among his best. Winckelmann wrote with style, and deserves a biography with more style and music. "The letter killeth"—but not quite. Professor Leppmann gives such an abundance of facts, and sketches so many backgrounds, that we can afford to forgive him; for Winckelmann, the shade among shades, emerges from this book with his own magnificence.

Robert Payne is the author of "A Portrait of André Malraux."

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STANDING FAST

by Harvey Swados

Doubleday, 656 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Harding Lemay

■ *Standing Fast* is a somewhat laborious victory of content over craft in a literary age when craft most often disguises the absence of genuine content. It would be easy to fault Harvey Swados on nearly every aspect of fiction taught in the seminars: His characters are paper-thin outlines, the situations not merely familiar but usually predictable; the prose is as turgid as the worst of Dreiser if not the clumsier translations of early Sholokhov, and the facile juxtaposition of personal lives and topical headlines is naïve when it is not embarrassing. For example, characters gather for a Sunday brunch in December 1941, and we know the occasion will end with a radio announcement of the attack on Pearl Harbor. But, whereas we turn hardly a page without realizing what will happen next, we continue reading, at first resistant and then oddly comforted, while Swados delivers the expected without apology, as though indifferent to being out of step with literary fashion. His rare honesty finally wins us over completely, burying our intellectual pretensions and emotional skepticism.

The bond between the major characters—eight men, their women and children—is their revolutionary dream of a better world. Although Swados identifies the movement in which they are involved as the New Party, the term doesn't matter, any more than that the men are called Norm and Joe, Bill and Irwin, Sy and Vito, Big Boy and Fred. They are not individualized by their names, still less by their ethnic origins. To be sure, the Jewish dentist and his mother are here, as are the son of a Middle European socialist with his labor-lawyer wife, the Italian artist and his girls, the Negro leader from the Deep South, the West Coast floater and the tense WASP to whom he is married. We know this gallery, not so much from life as from other novels, having shared these courtships, marriages, disappointments, and frustrations in fiction by Herbert Gold, Vance Bourjaily, and even Swados himself. But *Standing Fast* moves out of the bedrooms and kitchens of tenement and suburb, beyond what people are into what they do.

For these husbands and wives, whose personal conflicts resemble those to be seen every afternoon on network television, are used as guideposts to the social commitments of our times. Between the Hitler-Stalin pact, which opens the book, and the assassination of President Kennedy, which ends it, these ordinary men and women accumulate the dignity and credibility we assign ourselves.

Standing Fast is a long book. All that intelligence, industry, and honorable intention can bring to fiction are here, from the carefully documented details of time and place to the meticulous organization of innumerable incidents and characters. The only thing lacking is that kind of creative intuition which can persuade us that invented lives are as real as our own, if not more so. But it would be greedy to demand this in addition to the integrity with which Harvey Swados portrays the men and women who have fought the continuing battle to improve the lives of others.

Intuition may, after all, rob us of innocence, and this novel pays tribute to innocence, the innocence of faith. Each character illustrates the author's theme, but none more strongly than Sy Glantzman, who hitchhikes from Manhattan to Buffalo with his bride of one day to join the movement, later takes her and their children to Israel to start a new life, and then returns to teach in Harlem. In his steadfast drive to do good for others he is a stalwart disciple of the transplanted European

dream that has yet to take firm root in our land: the revolution which will free the worker.

Only in one isolated portrait does Swados confront the other, possibly wider side of his story: Albie Small, a narrow-eyed, poor-white "true" American shifts allegiance through the years from people's liberation to white supremacy, incapable of understanding, or of sympathy for, those who try to change a world that will stunt his children as surely as it has stunted him. Small appears like an undiagnosed infection, and then disappears to bide his time until the national body is too weak to withstand any longer the disease he carries.

The sad message here, conveyed with a gentle anguish, seems to be that industry, conviction, and concern are not enough. These men of good will and their hard-working women are separated still from those who most need their help, separated irreconcilably perhaps by the very depth of their concern and their fierce determination to do something about it.

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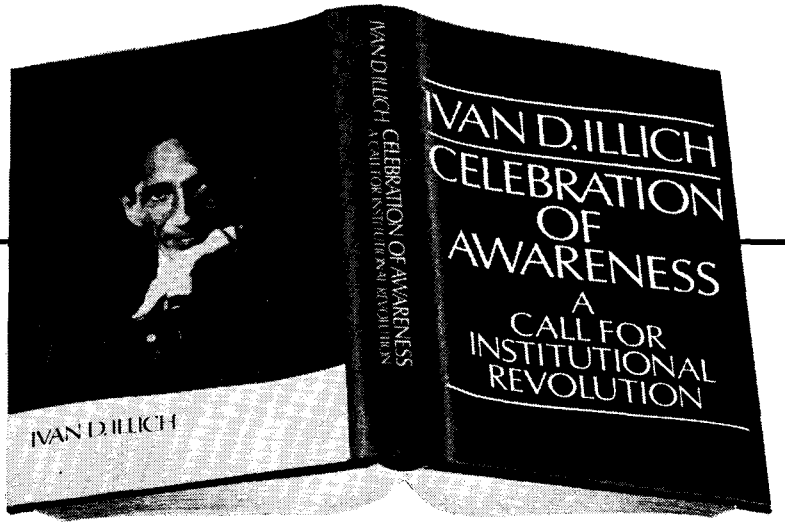

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osity of spirit his chronicle of what it has meant, since 1939, to care more about what happens to others than about what happens to oneself, Harvey Swados achieves what more sophisticated and accomplished novelists have failed to do. He rubs our noses in our failures and deceits and forces us to care.

Harding Lemay, a playwright and a former publishing executive, teaches English at Hunter College. His personal memoir, "Inside, Looking Out," will be published in the spring of 1971.

CREAMY AND DELICIOUS:
Eat My Words (In Other Words)

by Steve Katz

Random House, 205 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Jonathan Baumbach

■ *Creamy and Delicious*, Steve Katz's far-out collection of abrasively funny short fictions, is deceptive. Playful, punny, self-mocking, it confronts us with a barely straight face. The tales are interspersed with mock chapters from a presumably larger work called "In Our Thyme" (the seasoning that makes the words edible?). There are pop illustrations by Richard Tum Suden. The jokes, some of them marvelous, flash by like a stand-up comedy routine: "I could look time in the face and tell him to brush his teeth." ("Plastic Man.") "As a pilot he was a real daredevil because he couldn't figure how to navigate." ("Homer.") Katz's dreamlike pop fables, zany and dislocating, are, at their best, mysteriously touching.

In their surreal preoccupation with everyday exoticism these stories share common ground with Borges, Burroughs, Barthelme, and Coover, though they have their own vision. Like many another cool writer, Katz, by means of distance and irony, resists sentiment and avoids the risk of feeling.

To describe the plot of a Katz fable is to give a minimal sense of its experience. In "Nancy and Sluggo," for example, Nancy is a transvestite gunfighter, "hung up on the Code of the West," who has it out in a tragic finish with the wholesome bandit Sluggo, each killing the other. Thus Katz uncovers the disguises of our myths by creating correlative disguises.

His mythologies, as he calls them, resist explication. Why not try to make sense of them by a parallel parable? I offer the following, which is called "Kafka":

The first time I met him he was working as a summer mailman, a long-hair with a lively mustache that crawled around his mouth like a caterpillar. He said his name was Kafka, and asked me right off what I made of *Creamy and Delicious*, by the author of *The Exaggerations of Peter Prince*. I said I hadn't seen the book yet, which was true at the time, was waiting for it to come when our paths crossed. He then remembered, his mind as crowded as the subway with odd recollections, that he was the mailman who hadn't delivered it. He tended, you see, to read the mail that came his way, after which it all seemed like old news to him. "This crazy Katz knows where it's at, if it's at anywhere," he said poetically. "To say any more is to say too much."

Kafka, pursued by the Feds for eavesdropping without a license, holed up in a house two doors before mine on the mail route so I didn't see him or my mail until the next time he showed up. The next time was in the back of a Marboro Book Store where I found him writing a letter to his father. "I'll never send it," he said to the woman holding my hand. "The postal system is a dead end." The woman went on an orgy of book-buying. In one of the books she discovered Kafka's letter pressed like a flower. She mailed it to him without reading it, but the letter never arrived. Each day when I wait for the mail it comes back.

The world of *Creamy and Delicious* is mired with impedances. Katz's heroes take trips that go nowhere or lead back to where they began, as in the heavy weather of a bad dream. Within the nightmare there are moments of fulfilment, small victories, passing love, births inside deaths. The stories move in odd and surprising ways without seeming arbitrary or contrived, the necessity of obsession determining their form.

Whatever their other virtues, these eccentric fictions in *Creamy and Delicious* (don't miss "3 Satisfying Stories," "Nino," "Plastic Man," "Wonder Woman," and "Oedipus") are more tasty than most conventional fare. Small warning: at some point Katz's obsessions invariably touch home. The pleasures of this book are not without the pain of cognition and recognition. Don't come to it too lightly.

Jonathan Baumbach, a visiting professor at Tufts University, has a new novel forthcoming entitled "Dream Book."

THE DRIVER'S SEAT

by Muriel Spark

Knopf, 117 pp., $4.95

Reviewed by Elizabeth Easton

■ In *Northanger Abbey* Jane Austen begins by pointing out that "No one who had ever seen Catherine Morland in her infancy would have supposed her born to be an heroine," and Miss Austen frequently refers to the fact that even at seventeen Catherine, while a nice girl of open and affectionate disposition, was no striking beauty.

In these days when the nonhero (or nonheroine) is fashionable, it is perhaps not surprising that Muriel Spark, another British female writer who shares with Miss Austen a certain elegant aptitude for sharp description

(*Continued on page* 65)

"I read somewhere that eternal vigilance was the price of freedom, and I haven't had a decent night's sleep since."

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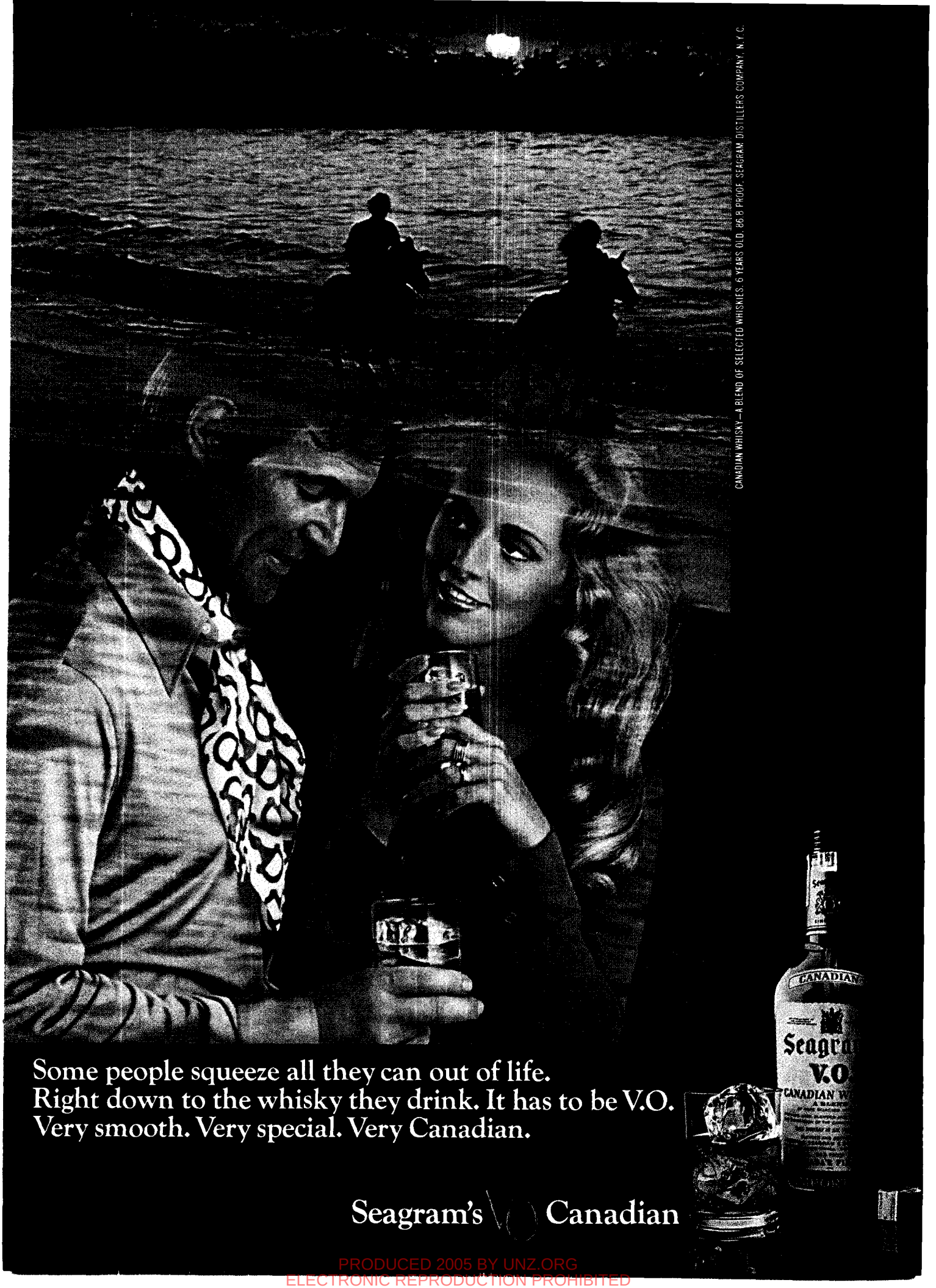
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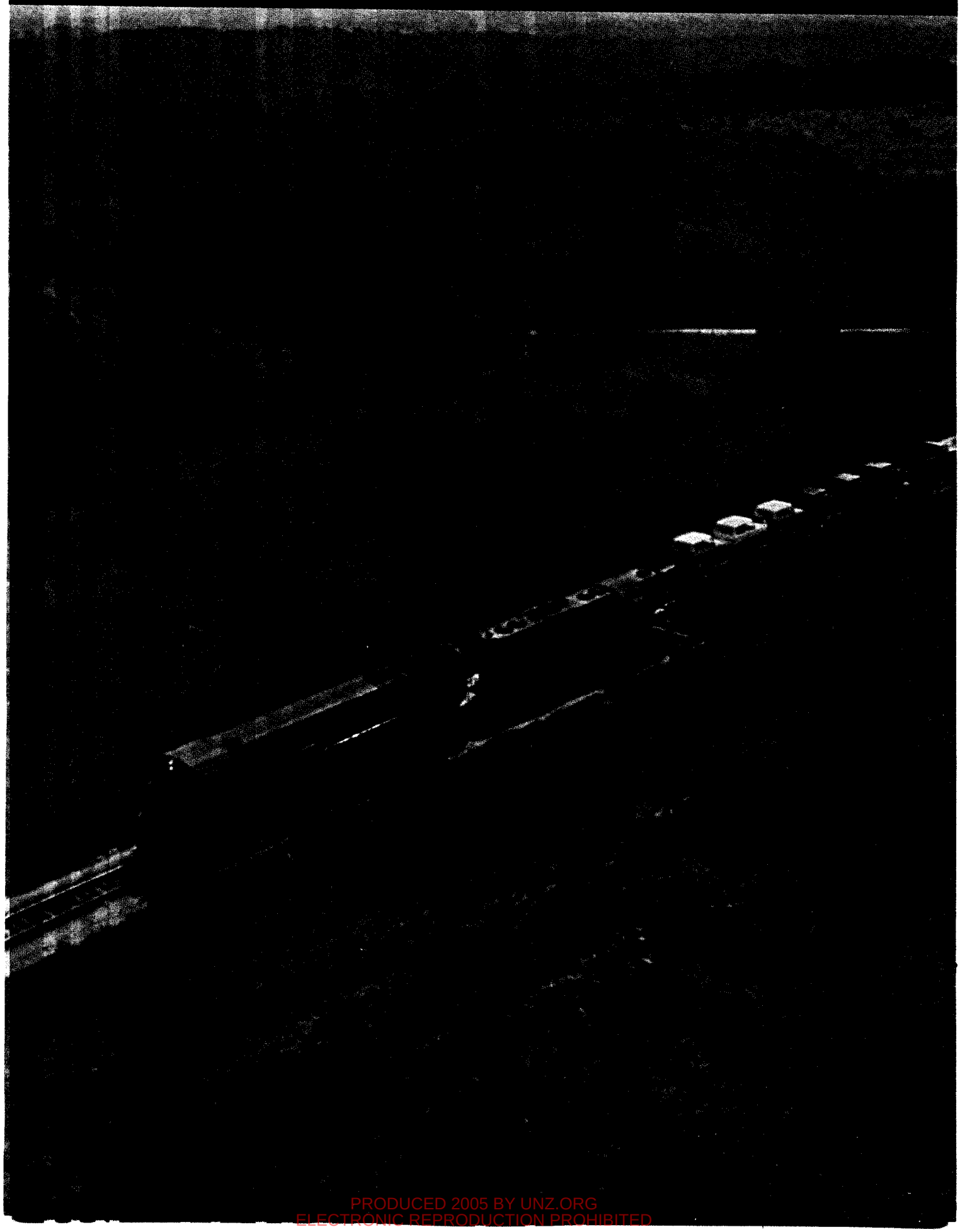

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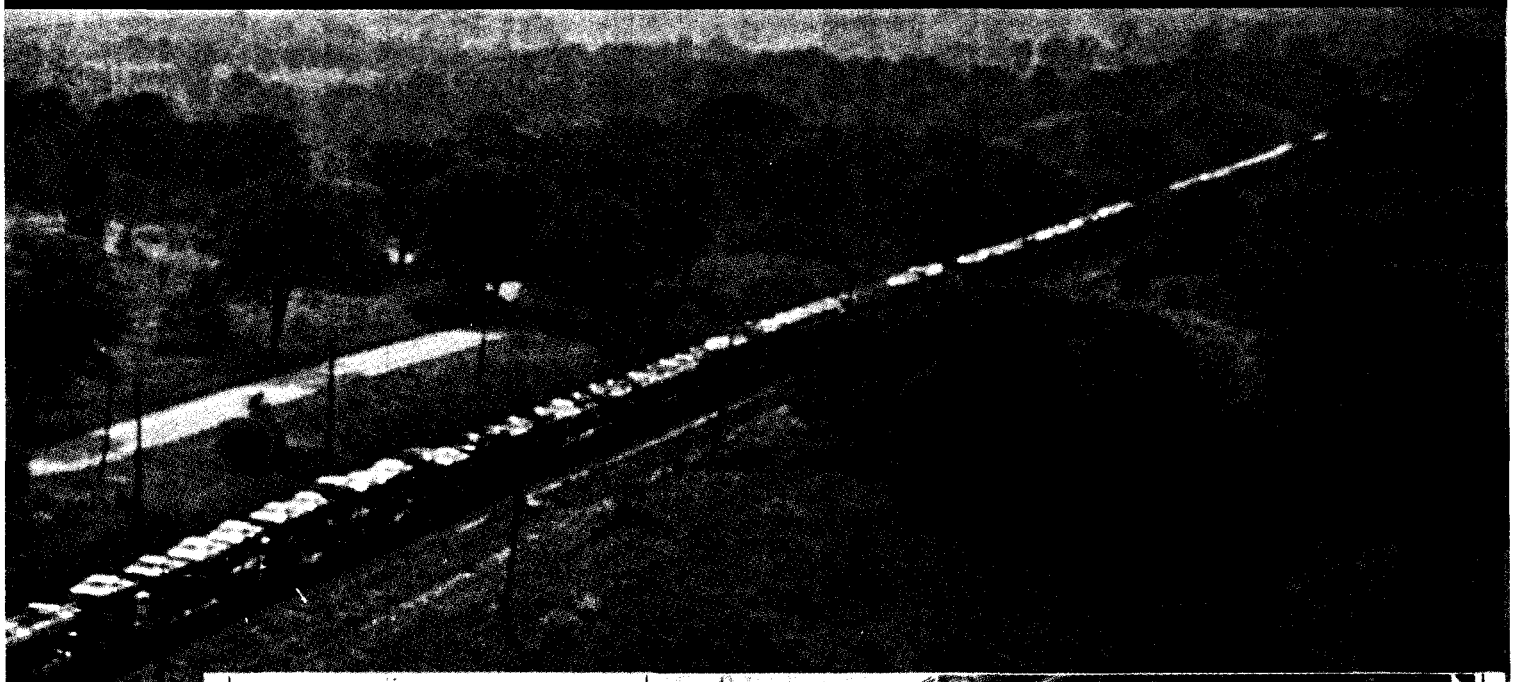
strengthen America's railroads?



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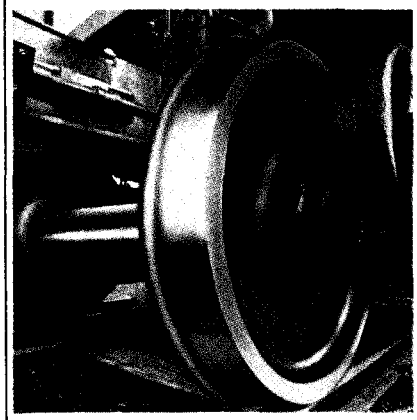

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Remember when the Peace Corps happened?

There was an electricity, a shared smile. Most of us said, "What a great idea!" And thousands of Americans said, "I want in."

Just like that. The Peace Corps was in business, exporting a product that the cynics had made jokes about for two hundred years: The American Innocence, the notion that people can change things.

The supply of volunteers was unlimited. Before the Sixties ended more than 40,000 Americans – most of them young and white and college educated – had joined the Peace Corps.

Whatever happened to the Peace Corps?

What happened was that America, the world's leading exporter of innocence, ran out of the product at home. Let's not go through the list again. Growing up anytime, anywhere is hard work. Growing up in America has become almost unbearable.

The Peace Corps had some growing up to do, too.

It had to stop telling young people that love alone conquers all, because it doesn't.

It had to stop saying that volunteers could be "agents of change" – political change – because it wasn't true.

It had to stop pretending it wasn't a United States government agency, because it is.

It had to learn that – believe it or not – people in faraway lands know more about what they need than we do. (And when they ask for help, they're very specific: an electrician, two city planners, five math teachers, an experienced farmer.)

Today the Peace Corps is in 60 countries. That's 59 more than it started in. It's changed a lot, but so has the world and so has America, and so – after all – have you.

The Peace Corps is still a remarkable idea for people who need to help, nose to nose. But it's not like it used to be.

It's better.

Peace Corps, Washington, D.C. 20525

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Hemingway

Continued from page 26

to enjoy again. These elements helped to convert what was in some ways a too heavily melodramatic novel into a work that had some real artistic complexity and truth.

But the situation of Thomas Hudson is very different, and the difference helps to account for what is most wrong with the new novel. Hudson is primarily the product of his past losses, sorrows, and mistakes. He has already lived a long life, and he has been much damaged in the process. No longer positively committed to the early Hemingway values, he yet retains the early skepticism which in him is fast souring into hopelessness. The simple fact is that, unlike his predecessors, he no longer believes in life and no longer enjoys life. By the time he is faced with his own certain death, he is carrying nothing but grief over the death of his three sons, the failure of his marriages, and all the emotions he is no longer able to feel. Nothing motivates him to take action except a vague stubborn sense of duty. He does not believe in this war or in any wars, and the idea of Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness has become for him a sad joke indeed. Consequently, Hudson confronts his death like an automaton. He has gone through the motions and put on a good show, but he has had nothing to lose from the start. Hence, his actions have had no meaning. When he dies, he will be ready to die, not for the cause, not in order to save the girl he loves, but because he is tired to death of life. There is sadness in this but no real tragedy, because there is no sense of missed possibility, no conceivable alternative to dying.

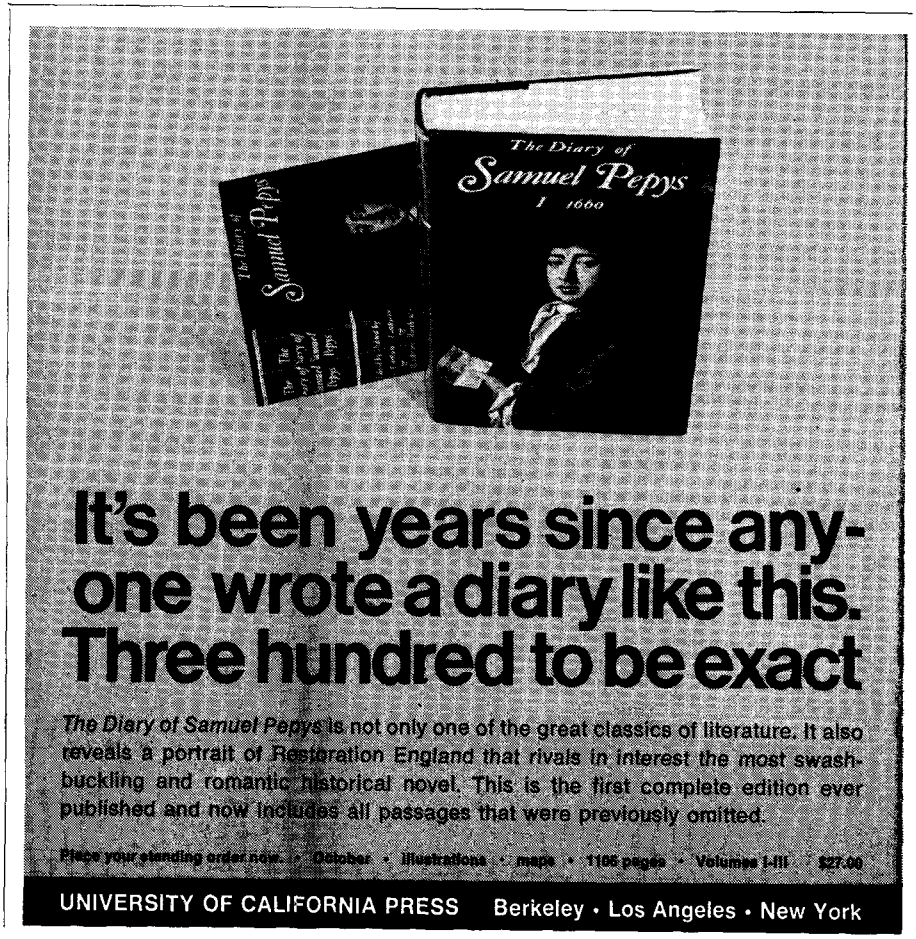
It is evident that as he grew older Hemingway came to identify himself more and more explicitly with his fictional heroes and to draw increasingly on his own emotions and experiences in the creation of his heroes. Jake Barnes and Frederic Henry were essentially fantasy projections of what in some secret part of himself Hemingway wished he might be like. But Thomas Hudson and Colonel Cantwell of *Across the River and Into the Trees* are realistic projections of the tired, ailing, and disillusioned man he had by then actually become. And as the distance narrowed between himself and his heroes, his writing lost a crucial dimension. He began to try to *live out* his fantasies instead of projecting them in his fiction. His fiction became devitalized because the real force of his creativity was being expended in living the experience he imagined. It is even conceivable that in the end Hemingway succumbed to the limitations of the philosophy he had for years been developing in his work and endeavoring more and more to practice in his life. But that philosophy was tenable only for a young and healthy man who could afford to be cynical since his hold on life was vigorous, and he could never really believe in the possibility of his own death. Thus, when because of age and failing health Hemingway could no longer do the things that made you feel good afterwards, when the eyesight began to go and the legs went bad, and the condition of the liver would not allow you to drink, and it was no longer fun to hunt or fish or make love, then the limitations of that philosophy became intolerable. By then, however, there was no turning back. There was no way of building another more durable or complex set of values. Hemingway had succeeded in becoming his heroes, and finally he was beginning to die with them.

But art, when everything else failed, was always there. In the past there had always been art, the one dependable source of new hope and self-renewal. The world could collapse and it would not matter so long as you wrote carefully and well and tried always to write an absolutely true book. When he went down into the basement of his house that summer morning and selected the weapon that would end his life, Hemingway evidently forgot about art. It is a pity, because if art had saved him in the past, there was still a chance it might save him once again. There was, in fact, an excellent chance. For, in spite of its defects, the best parts of *Islands in the Stream*

make clear that he had in his last years enough talent left to serve art successfully. If he had been able to recognize this and believe in it, he might have put the shotgun away and gone back upstairs to bed. But all he could believe in was the black emptiness and the pain. Besides, in that moment Hemingway had arrived at the kind of despair he had spent his whole life in flight from, the kind he could no longer evade through the killing of big game in Africa or by writing about the death of his heroes in his books. All the heroes were dead now. There was only himself.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 Lg, *Ode on a Grecian Urn*; 2Dk; 3Hj; 4Ji; 5Ia; 6Cl, *Ode to Duty*; 7Kb, *To the Evening Star*; 8Gc, *Sonnets from the Portuguese*; 9Bf, *Hymn to Diana*; 10 Ee, *Wreck of the Deutschland*; 11Ah; 12 Fd.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Female Biology in a Male Culture

Continued from page 18

coming our newest middle-class liberal ritualism, to be embraced as a way of avoiding the need to look more closely at less crude but more troubling manifestations of the lack of parity between the sexes. I myself happen to think, for instance, that, although it will indeed be a great day for women when they are appointed to full professorships at our leading universities on the same basis as men, it will be an even greater day for women when right in their own living rooms they are given as much serious attention and credence as men now receive when they pass judgment, especially adverse judgment, on an idea or a person.

It is not, however, the overt agitations on behalf of women that I actually have in mind when I speculate upon the possible effect our present-day dissent may eventually have upon the dominant culture. I am not closely enough acquainted with the dissident young to know exactly what decorousnesses, rules, and formalities pertain to their sexual relations, or what constitute their criteria of sexual worth and loyalty. What is nevertheless apparent even at my distance is the pervasive devaluation of those appurtenances of masculinity and femininity that our culture—by which I chiefly mean our competitive economy—sanctified for an earlier generation. I was myself of a generation in which any deviation from the specifications for female charm, as set down by Madison Avenue and the movies, was thought seriously to reduce a girl's sexual bargaining power. While intellectually we knew that the models by which we presumably were judged and by which we judged ourselves were the exceptions in any race of mortals, we suffered the private anguishes of living under the sexual dictates not of nature but of commerce. One recalls the father in Dostoevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov* who said there was no such thing as an ugly woman: The possibility that an opinion like this would one day infiltrate large sections of our society was beyond our wildest dreams, strained as we were by the demands for an ideal femininity put upon us by advertising and by Hollywood. This strain would happily seem to be gone, having disappeared in the radical effort to disavow the dominant capitalist culture. And as a woman, even though not a revolutionary, I can hope it is gone forever.

And gone—or going—with it, through the same effort, is the social-

sexual differentiation between men and women in terms of dress and hairstyle. While I confess to having no love for the shared slovenliness of so many young men and women, since I see in it a depreciation of their pride in themselves as persons, I welcome the unisexual appearance of the sexes if only for its criticism of a culture in which sexually differentiated styles of hair and dress, designed not by God but by man, were treated as if they were biological actualities. As I see it, or at least as I hope it, whatever reduces the false separations between men and women is bound to reduce their suspicions and hostilities, and thus permit them a fuller expression of their human potentiality. Free of the cultural detritus of our sexual differences, perhaps we can come to a sounder and happier knowledge of our distinctive maleness and femaleness than is now permitted us.

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Gluck, Mahler, and the Matter of the Relevant in Music

FOR ITS FIRST new production of the season, the Metropolitan is offering what is described in some circles as a "relevant" *Orfeo ed Euridice*. This is not to say that it is necessarily relevant to Gluck and his collaborator Calzabigi, but that it is relevant to the A-bomb, Hiroshima, Vietnam, and Amman (to quote, loosely, its designer Rolf Gérard). For those who believe that Gluck's Happy Shade and Blessed Spirit are, and always will be, more relevant than passing aberrations of the sort cited, such emphasis arouses the same skepticism as the then relevant Met version of 1938 in which hell was viewed as "a concentration camp, with flying military slave drivers lashing forced labor."

The really relevant thing about *Orfeo ed Euridice* is that it has survived, since its creation in 1762, the French Revolution, the Napoleonic Wars, the uprisings of 1849, the Franco-Prussian War, World Wars I and II, not to mention the Industrial Revolution, the Russian Revolution, Versailles, Locarno, the League of Nations, and innumerable conductors, designers, and vocalists who have had their way with it. True homage to its greatness consists not in finding some momentary example of man's folly with which to affiliate it but of coming as close as humanly possible to its enduring essence.

That homage is most consistently present in the scholarship conductor Richard Bonynge has applied to the musical realization in which every turn and trill is carefully considered, even reconsidered, every ever-loving appoggiatura (grace note, by English usage) hangs exactly where it will, in the end, contribute to the greatest monotony. Like it or not, Bonynge's editing does have consistency and a point of view, both of which have been communicated to the singing cast, with or without their wholly enthusiastic approval. Neither the overgenerous lengths of Milko Sparemblek's choreography nor the picturesque but amorphous designs of Gérard have a similar sense of unity to commend them. Each has an aspect of the whole to which it has rendered sympathetic service, but a preponderance of others in which it was filling time.

As a fount of knowledge on period procedure and a coach in the exposition of it, Bonynge is undoubtedly well equipped (his wife, Joan Sutherland, is the world-renowned proof of it). As a power at the conductor's desk, capable of stimulating the people under his direction to the living embodiments of the composer's purpose, Bonynge was no more successful with Gluck than he had been a week ago with Verdi (*La Traviata*). Sparemblek's preoccupation with the overproduced choreography, much of it only tangentially related to the music, provided too little time for him to fulfill his other function of stage director.

The primary sufferer was Grace Bumbry, who may become an outstanding Orfeo when she has put together everything not provided for her, in action and posture, by the director. She is a vocal-visual composite possessed of an eloquent voice for the music as well as the figure to be a credible embodiment of the male grieving for his deceased spouse. There have, of course, been bigger women who sang the music with bigger, bulkier sound, as there have been some others of suitable conformations who did not sing the music as well as Miss Bumbry. But she was not blessed with either the dramatic direction to make every movement count or the kind of musical leadership that inspires as well as accompanies. Her "Che farò" was, in its proper place of emotional desperation, beautifully sung, though the embellishments introduced into the repetition of the insuperable melody will, inevitably, sound more awkward than persuasive, more Bonynge than Gluck.

For the rest, Gail Robinson was too inexpert a singer to be entrusted with the music of Amore, Mary Ellen Pracht was ill-placed—in the pit—to sing the inexpressibly beautiful "Questo prato sempre ameno" of the Blessed Spirit (who is decidedly part of the action and not a supernumerary to be buried out of sight), and Gabriella Tucci more than a little too conventional an Italian soprano to make the music of Euridice something, as Gluck intended, to wring the heart of the heartless.

Perhaps the most inappropriate idea of all was Gérard's thought of providing Orfeo with armor for the perilous journey underground. What has happened to faith that moves mountains? Or the lyre whose tones can melt all resistance? If those appointed to be Gluck's intermediaries are not convinced that music is more potent than the sword, or love more durable than the hardest steel, they should be engaged in some other project.

Leonard Bernstein and the audience at the season's first Philharmonic concerts shared a journey of discovery, part planned, part unplanned. As long promised, the evening was devoted wholly to the Ninth Symphony of Mahler; as all too recently decreed, it was converted into a memorial observation for the lamented Sir John Barbirolli and George Szell, whose deaths last summer were a particularly personal loss to this orchestra and its audience.

As the journey unfolded, one might have been mindful of the composer himself, who spared nothing of the small store of strength left to him to fulfill his destiny as a conductor in the winter, a composer in the summer. If he ever gave thought to an alternative, there is no record of it. His only commitment was to the realization of the music in his being, of which there is abundant evidence in the contour as well as the content of this mammoth work, the last he completed.

As the journey progressed, through the long opening slow movement, the nostalgic glorification of the *ländler* or country dance with which Mahler had grown up, and the more than ironic "Rondo Burleske," there was ample opportunity for any so minded to incorporate his own thoughts on the men who were being memorialized. One could recall the eager, trim Barbirolli of the first Philharmonic concerts in 1936, and the wan spent figure he presented at his last appearances here in 1968. Or ruminate on the swift decline of the always vital Szell, while giving thought to what they brought to music and what music brought from them.

In the end, the resolution was provided by Mahler, whose consoling, almost commiserating final slow movement dissolves rather than concludes. His triumph and glory was to serve music so well that he found through it the means to share his love of life with others. Among these, of course, Barbirolli and Szell held an honored place.

The Ninth Symphony was created more than sixty years ago, in a time of tension, of trouble, and of dwindling days for Mahler to "make it right." Bernstein's kind of response gives back every measure of its inspiration as well as its miscalculations, that which was done with utmost refinement as well as with uncontrollable haste. Others have made it seem more a work of art: Bernstein leaves no doubt it was the work of an artist human in his shortcomings as well as superhuman in his visions, a musician's musician as well as a conductor's composer. The great ones gone could have no more fitting tribute, nor a more durably relevant one.

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

The Gauloises Men

ONE OF THE LAST untamed tracts of France is a marshy wedge of 185,000 acres called the Camargue. This is French cowboy country, a far cry from the O.K. Corral but home on the range to the herdsmen of Gaul, the *gardians*. Most *gardians* stand about as high as John Wayne's belt buckle, but they're crusty bantams with seamed faces and the obligatory cigarette hanging from their lips. Not a Marlboro. These are the Gauloises Men.

Nîmes and Arles lie just to the north of this French prairie by the Mediterranean, but the short drive seemingly takes you through distinct cultures and continents. Both cities are full of well preserved Roman remains, but visions of Caesar vanish quickly as the road to the Camargue rolls into a green marshland abrim with acres of paddies (providing most of France's rice). Then the Orient gives way to Arizona, and the roadside bristles with riding stables, ranches, and the whitewashed, thatch-roofed *cabanes*, homes of the *gardians*.

On a threatening afternoon in September, I found Robert Guénand at work on a *promenade à cheval*, a riding stable, tending to a bunch of the sturdy white horses native to the Camargue, used in the summer months to carry European dudes over the swampy lowlands. M. Guénand was sharing stable chores with a blue-eyed Parisienne named Nathalie Roger. She works at the Ranch du Pont de Gau in the summer and teaches English in Switzerland during the off-season. At twenty-five, Guénand has worked the Camargue half his life, and he feels it's time he saw the real West, particularly Colorado and Texas. All he knows about this mesquite dreamland is what he's seen in the movies, but if there are cowboys like Clint Eastwood and Lee Van Cleef, his favorites, riding the American range, a trip would be worth it.

"He doesn't like cowboys that are clean and neat," said Mlle. Roger, relaying her sidekick's passionately worded sentiments.

"Gary Cooper, John Wayne—ech," growled Guénand.

"He still likes James Dean," she went on, "because he thinks he looks like him." Guénand struck a rebel-without-a-cause expression, his eyes narrowing defiantly.

If a trip to the States weren't so *très cher*, as he put it, the French wrangler would head for the plains directly after the tourist season. As it is, he hopes to save enough money to go next spring. "He is also worried about meeting people in the States," Nathalie said. "He thinks it won't be so easy." She wondered about the same question herself, this chic and Continental stablehand did, standing there in the mud and drizzle all but buried under a cowboy hat and rain slicker. She too wants to see the States.

I told them I thought the West would welcome a couple of Gallic cowpunchers. "You'll probably find the young people helpful," I said. "Just as you would here."

Nathalie wagged her hand in the French manner that signifies extreme disapproval, as though recoiling from the touch of a hot stove. "There are no hippies in France, not really," she said. "They just wear their hair long and dress like that. Nobody gives you a ride or takes you in a for a night. I tell you the French people are—"

"Uptight?" I offered. She nodded.

Guénand passed his pack of Gauloises around. Before I moved on, he had a request. He wanted to see an American dollar bill. I gave him one to keep and he fingered it gently before placing it in his wallet. His eyes brightened more when I promised to send material on American ranch life. We exchanged addresses. Mine was not the first he had requested from an American, for he carefully recited, down to the street number and zip code, the home of a Texas girl he had taken for a ride through the Camargue.

Across the road from the stables is a zoo that harbors many of the motley animals residing in the Camargue. Supposedly the last beavers left in Europe lodge in the banks of the nearby Little Rhône; several thousand flamingos stalk the Etang de Vaccarès, a nature reserve, in the company of boars, polecats, storks, egrets, and others; and out on the flatlands horses still run free and fighting bulls are bred for the Provençal *courses à la cocarde*, a bloodless sport that pits animal against unarmed matador. The idea is to snatch a rosette from its horns.

In the Camargue's southwest corner, where the dunes meet the sea, is the village of Les Saintes Maries de la Mer. During the summer, its cafés and narrow streets are thronged by vacationing Europeans, the wandering young,

The merchant of Arles—an air of the Turkish bazaar.

Photos by Jane Bobczynski

Cowpokes Roger and Guénand—dreams of the real West.

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and other seasonal creatures, and in late May the town fairly bulges with a pilgrimage of gypsies who descend from all corners of Europe to worship Sara, their patron saint. The church where they gather hulks above the prairie like an earthbound ship. A few gypsy women were seated in prayer, and in the crypt downstairs, votive candles burned round a shrine of Saint Sara.

Starting back toward Nîmes, my cab driver (did you expect a mule skinner?) expressed profound surprise at the heavy gray weather hanging over the Camargue. "It is never raining here," he said, invoking a declaration the traveler is used to hearing even in the monsoons of Burma. Yet within minutes the sun had cut through, and at the outskirts of Nîmes we were sailing through a blue-gold September afternoon.

Nîmes, for reasons nobody could provide, has attracted the construction of a half-dozen sprawling supermarkets, which stand in curious contrast to the splendid Roman leftovers. The chain of Supermarché Casino, spreading all over France, operates a distinguished branch outside Nîmes, the equal of anything on Ventura Boulevard. What it may lack in gimmicks (though parents may leave their children at a merry-go-round out front) it makes up for in its overflowing wealth of packaged delicacies: quiche lorraine, coq au vin, escargots, crêpes ready to fry. To no one's surprise the wine, cheese, and fish departments occupy acres of space, and there is a tank with live trout, awaiting the customer's nod. On this late Friday afternoon, when weekend shoppers might have been elbowing each other for the last terrine of pâté de foie gras, the aisles were clean and free, and amplified pop music danced in a strangely odorless air.

France was preparing that weekend for the most sacred rite of autumn, the *vendange* or grape harvest. By the train station in Nîmes, crowds of arriving Spaniards lounged and dozed, waiting to be fetched to vineyards in the region to take up the fortnight's labors. They sat in somber rows, holding suitcases lashed together with rope.

Nîmes and several other cities of lower Gaul have enough Roman monuments (one hesitates to call them ruins, for they are miraculously intact) to make a rubbernecker forget the Colosseum and the Baths of Caracalla. In fact, the arenas of Nîmes and Arles still rumble to the fanfare of bullfights staged several times a year. All over town, posters heralded "La Grande Corrida et Matadors—Sanchez, Cordobés, Paradas," scheduled for the following Sunday. Ebbets Field rose and fell

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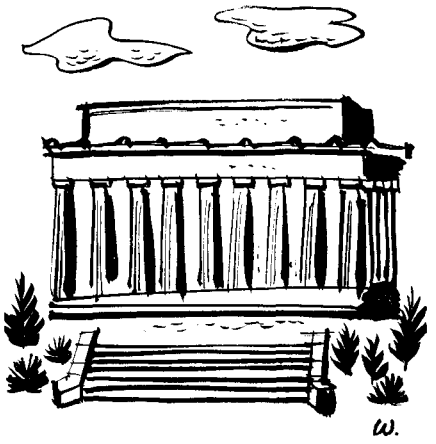
in a half century, but Les Arènes, the stout amphitheater at Nîmes, stands by the Rue de la République looking ghostly and imperishable in the moonlight.

Another pride of Nîmes is the Jardin de la Fontaine, laid out by that seventeenth-century master landscaper Le Nôtre, who also conceived the magnificent symmetry of Versailles, among other French yards. On an after-dinner walk, I found the gates to the garden still open. The moon was up and the night was still, except for the gurgle of fountains and the chatter of children playing in the black shadows. A pair of white swans perched unmoving on a stream, their heads nestled for the night in pillows of back feathers. An outlander, namely an American, marvels at the calm and serenity he feels on faraway ground, not hounded by warnings of nocturnal violence.

Next morning I was on the road to Arles by 8 o'clock in order to catch the Saturday market in full bloom. Stretched along both sides of the Boulevard des Lices, this vast outdoor *supermarché* challenges the shopper to request something it doesn't have, be it fish, foul, or Singer cooking range (POURQUOI PAYER PLUS?). On a sidewalk sloping up toward the Public Gardens, merchants had their wares laid out on cloths and blankets, lending an air of the Turkish bazaar. Beside an array of rusty tools, irons, hinges, and a grinding machine, an old man stooped over and picked through a cardboard box containing ancient wire-rimmed spectacles. He stood erect to peer through each pair and, finding none to his need, moved on.

Arles hasn't gone out of its way to memorialize Van Gogh, who did some of his best work in the region before killing himself in 1890. The building in which he lived with Gauguin—the subject of his *The Yellow House*—was destroyed by a bomb in June 1944. Other city scenes he painted have been altered beyond recognition, though the



clock in his *Café de Nuit* (now the Bar-Restaurant Alcazar) still ticks away on the back wall. A bust of Van Gogh stands at the entrance to the Public Gardens, done by the American William Earl Singer and placed there only last year. Arles has nary a Van Gogh original, but the Museon Arlaten, a vast repository for one of Europe's finest collections of Provençal ethnography, has a number of reproductions.

On this bright morning so redolent of autumn, I walked to the Antique Theater above the gardens, put down my franc, and joined a scattering of young wanderers spread about the open-air bleachers. Only a score of rows remain in a place that once held 12,000 Romans. Each July the theater quakes with the fetes of the town's annual festival, but otherwise it is a place for quiet contemplation, or eating an apple, or taking the sun. I climbed to the top row and sat amid the fresh breezes that played in the surrounding treetops, while below, the handful of spectators lolled like cats in the sun, supremely happy to be in attendance.

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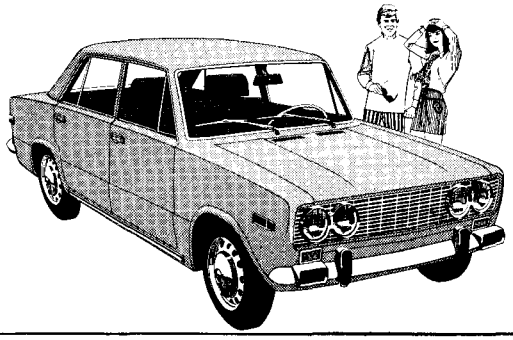

WIT TWISTER #185

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Though the humble _____
___ may never _____
___
To the jasmine's exotic perfume,
From _____ to Spain,
people _____ its attire
And its lacy, paniculate bloom.

—ANITA YU,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

(*Answer on page 49*)

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Ecstasy: Body and Being

"ART," wrote Peter Demianovich Ouspensky, "is the communication of ecstasy." No single definition of art serves everybody, but this one, stated by the great Russian philosopher in his *A New Model of the Universe*, electrified Ted Shawn, the late Ruth St. Denis, and their Denishawn Dancers forty years ago (Shawn used to read and interpret Ouspensky's *Tertium Organum* out loud to them on tour), and it serves to identify a brilliant new work by the young and immensely gifted Lar Lubovitch. Appropriately, the dance itself is called *Ecstasy*, a state of being which it does communicate in terms of fine dance art.

In *Ecstasy*, you will see beautiful bodies, male and female, involved in choreographic patterns that contain symbols suggesting the phallic and actions related to the sexual, but Lubovitch, through his art, has avoided the sensational and given us instead a danced distillation of ecstasy as sweetly sensuous as it is intoxicatingly sensual. Lubovitch, one of the most exhilarating dancers in the world today, had as his partner the ravishingly lovely Takako Osakawa from the Martha Graham company, and the two, with an assisting ensemble of six (first-rate dancers all), moved with kinetic urgency, sometimes contained and again explosive but always ecstatic, through the pictorially fascinating and emotionally communicative measures of this twentieth-century rite of Aphrodite.

Ecstasy (which has its musical base in music of Messiaen) was one of an amazing variety of dances performed by an equally amazing variety of performers during the New York Dance Festival held in New York City's outdoor Delacorte Theater in Central Park and presented by the New York Shakespeare Festival, in association with the Lepercq Foundation, and produced by Donald Saddler. I have already written about several of the splendid black dance artists appearing at this festival in an earlier article on summertime highlights in black dance [*SR*, Sept. 26]—now some comments on other festival participants.

Because of out-of-town festival assignments, I missed a few of the companies—Eliot Feld's American Ballet Company and Louis Falco's modern dance group among them—but I saw Thomas Andrew's Ballet Brio for the first time, plus some modern, ethnic, and avant-garde doings. Ballet Brio is a small but, as its name implies, lively company that has enjoyed its first highly successful U.S. tour and is about to embark on a second, and much longer, one. At the park, this chamber-size group appeared to fine advantage in Mr. Andrew's *Images in Five* (Elgar), an abstract ballet, and in a wild and woolly farce, *Battered Bacchanal* (Ponchielli). There was also a dramatic (perhaps melodramatic is more like it) *pas de deux* called *The Snare* (Bartók), designed to display the prodigious technique of Sandra Balestracci, well assisted by Anthony Salatino.

Miss Balestracci, tiny, adept, winning in manner, and as good at comedy as she is at projecting balletic elegance, is very much a ballerina.

Murray Louis and his company represent modern dance. It is avant-garde in many ways, but old-fashioned in that ordered, rhythmic, purposeful, and planned dance movement is the chief ingredient. Mr. Louis is a marvelous dancer, one of our very best. His technical control is awesome, and his movement range extends from a delightfully humorous finger flick to beautiful bursts of aerial action. He reminds me of mercury (not Mercury, the god who gave classical ballet its *attitude*), for he is truly all quicksilver: elusive, unexpected, mobile, but superbly self-contained.

Also at the Delacorte were the young, dewy, enchanting (and highly disciplined!) Bonnie Mathis and Dennis Wayne, a new and fetching duo. They are both polished ballet performers, but they are equally at home in modern dance. For the New York Dance Festival, they elected to dance John Butler's ballet-modern *After Eden* (Lee Hoiby), a striking study of terror, rejection, loneliness, and desperate human need as experienced by the world's first duo. Miss Mathis and Mr. Wayne executed it impeccably as far as muscles, sinews, technique, and style are concerned, but they have not yet probed its emotional depths to the fullest—this dimension, however, will come with further doing and coaching.

Among the ethnic dance artists at the Delacorte were Matteo and his Indo-American Dance Company, an astonishingly talented and well-trained (in the complex techniques of East Indian dance) company of teen-agers. I especially enjoyed, as I have before, the colorful *Durbar*, which provides opportunities for the youngsters to perform in a variety of styles: Bharata Natyam, Kathakali, and Nautch.

For the end of the New York Dance Festival, Mr. Saddler scheduled an entire program of avant-garde dances and dancers. And everyone was happy. The pro-avant-garde was delighted to have five favored way-outers on a single bill (without a "Black Swan" in sight), and the anti-avant-garde was blessing Mr. Saddler for pooling so many groups so that they could "get it over with all at once." The Delacorte was jammed for Rudy Perez, Twyla Tharp, Cliff Keuter, Stuart Hodes, Jeff Duncan, and associates, and one side booed while the other bravoed. A woman sitting near me exploded after the first numbers: "I'm going to write to Mayor Lindsay." Her friend retorted, "But he doesn't have anything to do with this." And she snapped back, "Well, I'm going to write him anyhow." Another memorable quote from an anti-avant-garde gentleman, as he looked heavenward, was, "If I have ever prayed for rain, I'm praying for it now."

Pro or con the avant-garde night, the New York Dance Festival was a rousing success—all kinds of theatrical dancing free to the public—and let us hope it becomes a permanent event.

—Ron Protas

"Ecstasy" with Lar Lubovitch, Takako Osakawa, and assisting dancers—"a danced distillation."

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Ravi Shankar at Home and Abroad

by A. S. RAMAN

Today, Ravi Shankar is in a dilemma. Should he remain an over-glamorized popularizer of Indian melodies? Or should he fulfill the responsibilities of a creative artist? If the current "sitar explosion" in the West continues, he is bound to end up as a legend. He is already one in his own country. He is adept in riding the crest of popularity. Does he know how to dismount from it? His compatriots suspect he does not. Being an artist with a passion for tradition, does he not deserve a few moments for meditation? Has he already reached a point of no return? There is such a halo around him that he is imitated by others even in his mistakes. For he errs so gracefully.

In the West, with his sitar, *khurta*, and *agarbatti* (incense), he is a confirmed trend-setter, and the trend is toward wild nonconformity that is actually conformity, Indian style. He is on display all the time. Naturally, he does not evoke a response in those to whom music is beyond melody. The feeling of involvement and the spirit of dedication implicit in *dhyana* apparently are, according to his detractors, against Ravi Shankar's grain. Indeed, by temperament, if not by training, Shankar finds himself engaged in the delicate task of having to reconcile the commitments of a determined impresario to the compulsions of a dedicated artist. He has a way with his audiences, and it is the way of a seducer.

All this, however, does not detract from the value of his art at its best. He is familiar with the turns and twists involved in the troubled search for identity that has a vital bearing on the flowering of his idiom, though of late, because of his dangerously intimate rapport with his public, he has become more an entertainer than an explorer. His misfortune lies in the glory that surrounds him. He is fundamentally a serious artist in love with his own vision, a purist with a genius for innovation, a classicist alive to the innate toughness and resilience of tradition. His accent is firm, lucid, and crisp, and what he says is worth saying at any cost. For he represents the very best

Ravi Shankar—"He has a way with his audiences."

of the West and of the East: the sophisticated breadth of the one and the subtle depth of the other. His music inevitably represents a blend of sensuous roundness and serene refinement. That is why the West responds to him spontaneously, while the East, particularly his own country, rejects him indirectly with a ceremony and rhetoric worthy of better causes.

It is a mistake to think that by popularizing Indian music in the West Shankar has succeeded only in commercializing, if not vulgarizing, something that is meant for a different sort of sensibility. Surely, one cannot blame a highly original and imaginative artist for capturing the hearts of the angry young men of Europe and America with the help of soothing, unpredictable melodies and rhythms. But it is time Shankar cried a halt to the tendency among the young to reduce the area of perception on the esthetic plane, to rob Indian music of its essential dimension and to seek through it the sort of blinding thrill that orgasm produces. The restless, rootless teenagers who constitute the bulk of Shankar's fans in the West take to the sitar, the maestro complains, in the same mood of anticipation as they would devote to pornography, hashish, or yoga. They look just for a kick, if not for a cult—for a mere release from their self-induced tensions, illusions, and frustrations without any inner urge to seek an experience richer and deeper on the spiritual plane. To Shankar, the sitar is a medium of edification. But to his teen-age devotees, it is no more than a gimmick. What the maestro has been trying to impress on them is that when they find themselves attuned to the subtle nuances of Indian music, they will be able to overcome their sexual perversions, intellectual aberrations, and spiritual hallucinations. What they can expect to achieve through an intense musical experience is not a momentary excitement but an abiding harmony. It is therefore imperative, Shankar insists, that his critics understand the nature of his uphill task.

One no longer sits in judgment over Shankar's music; one takes it for granted. It represents an immaculate mosaic of tones, rhythms, and textures, a crisscross of styles and sensibilities. His feeling for form, his sense of melody, his instinct for tempo, clarity, and subtlety, and his insight into the mood and structure of a particular *raga* are universally respected. Cadences flow from the strings with the controlled turbulence of a cascade in the deep Himalayan recesses. The dexterity of his fingers matches the depth of his feeling. His phrases are soft, intense, and evocative.

But one often does not know whether Shankar essentially is a public relations man or a creator of melodies. Does he, for example, attract his admirers the world over with the magic of his music or with his personal magnetism? It is apparent that the maestro subjugates his audience with his mere presence. His stage manners are compelling. The resistance, if any, is feeble. It is confined to the few isolated purists who fancy that tradition belongs only to the past and not to the future also. They cannot persuade themselves to take Shankar seriously because he plays to the gallery. In fact, the maestro's showmanship is too slick for their taste: He arrives on time, bows gracefully to the audience, smiles winningly at the accompanists, touches the sitar with gentle reverence, tests the tone of the pace-setting *tanpura* with an air of calculated casualness, does his own commentary in English with the endearing lisp of a child, senses the hush of expectancy in the auditorium, and begins to play with the subtly con-

A. S. RAMAN is managing editor, *Feature Unit*, of Bombay, India.

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cealed self-assuredness of a great master. Ostensibly, he has the abandon of one possessed; he is indifferent to everybody around him. But he makes a mental note of the minutest inflection in the auditorium. Suddenly, a string snaps; sighs of anguish rend the air. The spontaneous audience rapport brings a new ruddiness to the maestro's cheeks. He puts down the sitar with a characteristic apology: *"Ki si ka nazar laggaya"* ("Some envious eye"). As he tries to repair the damage, scores of admirers rush to the stage and swoop on the sitar with offers of assistance. The maestro reappears before the microphone, while his delicate fingers are already caressing and coaxing the strings. He says gratefully: "Thanks for your patience."

* * *

I meet Ravi Shankar before the concert commences. The scene: the backstage of a Bombay auditorium. The maestro receives me with the self-conscious exuberance of one at home on earth as well as in the clouds. The interminable stream of callers keeps rushing in and out silently and solemnly, as though seeking the *darshan* of their favorite deity. There is a superfluous touch of overt "Indianness" around him: flowers, attar, and *agarbattis*. It is natural for one to be impressed by the show of veneration with which every visitor can be seen approaching Shankar—"Panditji" to his devotees—and by the suave, studied humility with which the maestro is going through it all. For my part, however, I have nothing but sympathy for him. How can a creative genius, I ask myself, achieve anything worthwhile if he has no time or place he can call his own? I do appreciate Panditji's need for privacy, but fail to understand his reluctance to seek it.

"I'm off to Cannes tonight," he begins with the casualness of one who has everything laid out immaculately by impresarios. "I return to Bombay after three weeks. I'll have spent about eight weeks in India before going on my Malaysian tour, which will eventually take me back to California. Of course, this is only my tentative program. Let me introduce you to my young English friends, Leon and Roland, who have come overland all the way from their country in a Volkswagen, just to hear me live on the sitar. They missed me in England. So they decided to meet me somewhere, somehow. They received news about me from the English press, I guess. So here they are! Don't you admire their madness for Indian music?"

"How serious is the West's interest in Indian music, Panditji?" I ask him rather abruptly, looking at my watch with concern. The concert is only twenty-five minutes away from now and I am aware that nothing annoys Shankar more than unpunctuality.

"How serious? Ask these Englishmen, Leon and Roland. They have demonstrated the West's seriousness of purpose magnificently, have they not? Nowadays, very, very serious, I must say. How serious you just can't imagine." The maestro speaks English haltingly, but with charm and clarity.

"Actually, it was in 1954 that I first played the sitar in the West. My performances were successful, though in a limited way. The audiences comprised only experts, impresarios, and esthetes. From 1954 to 1964, my efforts to bring the sitar within the reach of the general concertgoing public continued. But I had no idea at all that the sitar was slowly sinking into the sensibility of musicians and music-lovers used to different sounds and sensations. Suddenly, the pop group began to respond enthusiastically to the succulent, though unfamiliar, rhythms of the instrument that gradually cast a hypnotic spell over the teen-agers. Thus followed what is now known as the 'sitar explosion.' In a sense I was merely rediscovered by the younger generation in the Sixties. You see, I had already made an impact on the tough, knowledgeable elders in the Fifties. I soon realized, however, that to the teen-ager the sitar had no profound meaning. The emotionally disturbed drop-outs seeking new thrills all the time I thought deserved to be pitied rather than denounced. They expected the sitar to produce on them the same effect as LSD or psychedelic art. What they had been waiting for was not an inner compulsion but a momentary thrust for the 'takeoff,' as it were. Their perspectives were wrong. Their knowledge was superficial. Their pleasures were trivial. They just allowed themselves to be swayed by their violently fluctuating moods and passions. So I felt let down. The whole thing came to me as a new challenge—I mean the so-called sitar explosion. Immediately, I addressed myself to the serious task of disciplining, refining, and elevating the younger generation through the sitar. I think I've achieved a fair measure of success. For Indian music has already become a part of the Western culture."

"Were the Beatles deeply impressed by Indian music when they took lessons from you?"

"I can talk about only one of them, as you know: George Harrison. He is seriously involved in everything he does. It is a mistake to think that the Beatles are flippant. George did make some progress. But when he realized that he could go no further, partly because of his professional commitments, and partly on account of his own artistic limitations, being a very honest man, he gave up the effort. But he is profoundly interested in Indian music. He no doubt understands how difficult it is for a Western artist to master the Indian idiom."

"When you play in the West, what is the concert pattern you follow? You know what I mean. The criticism against you is that you descend to the level of your audiences, though you are capable of raising them to yours."

"In other words, I play to the gallery? Do I? I don't know. Anyway, it is better to play to the gallery in the West than in India, if a creative artist can ever be persuaded to do so. I know my critics and I know the motives behind their criticism. In the beginning I used to play for two to two-and-a-half hours—just to coax my audiences into receiving our heavy classical music in small doses. Now my concerts have the same pattern in Europe and America as in India. No difference at all. How can a serious artist make compromises? I play for about four hours in the West, and the people there seem to be asking for more after each finale. They listen to me with an attentiveness that comes not out of politeness but out of deep understanding. I think they have by now learned how to enjoy classical Indian music in the right mood and in the correct perspective. They are getting used to the subtleties and graces. I keep telling my friends in Europe and America that music is an aspect of true yoga, that the *Kama Sutra* represents a decadent phase of Indian civilization, and that the bhang in India, being associated with menials, pseudosanyasis, and sex perverts, is anti-yoga."

"I'm afraid we're digressing. How do the audiences in India compare with the concertgoing public of the West?"

"You're asking me to increase the population of my enemies. Well, I don't mind obliging a good friend. In our larger cities, when exposed to classical music, listeners reach a very high level of understanding. They have knowledge, taste, and judgment, but they

GLOSSARY

bhang—a drink made of marijuana and milk
darshan—audience, as in "seeking an audience with"
dhyana—imagination
Kama Sutra—a book by Vatsyayana on the Indian rites of love
khurta—upper garment, or shirt
laya—to be in tune with
Panditji—a more reverential form of Pandit, or master
pseudosanyasis—sanyasis is practiced by mendicants or hermits

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Jazz LPs

Data	Report	
Richard Boone: *I've Got a Right to Sing.* Boone, vocal; Herman Riley, tenor saxophone; Dolo Coker, piano; Billy Fender, guitar; John Heard, bass; Jimmie Smith, drums; and Allen Ray's seventeen-piece band. Nocturne stereo, NRS-703, $5.98.	Boone came into prominence singing "Boone's Blues" and "I Got Rhythm" with Count Basie's band in 1966. His approach was as funny as it was original, and he ought to have been an overnight sensation, but the times were against him. What was and is being taken seriously in jazz and popular music surely denotes an atrophy of humor. Here	Boone is back with his outrageous, scatted put-ons. His very considerable and musicianly intelligence as a singer is convincingly demonstrated on his long, well-paced version of "I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues." The big band, playing a memorable, richly voiced arrangement by Bob Harrington, backs him handsomely on this.
Coleman Hawkins: *Think Deep.* Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Idrees Sulieman, trumpet; J. J. Johnson, trombone; Hank Jones, piano; Barry Galbraith, guitar; Oscar Pettiford, bass; Jo Jones, drums. Riverside simulated stereo, RS-3049, $4.98.	Made in 1957, this album is a remarkable testimony to Hawkins's supremacy on his instrument, a supremacy that has never been seriously challenged. Here his irresistible, surging power is felt on the swinging "Chant," and what annotator Leonard Feather calls his "great,	impassioned, pleading sound" is heard on the moving ballad "Think Deep." The rhythm section is close to perfection. Sulieman and Johnson give good support in the ensembles, but their solos have become dated.
Johnny Hodges: *A Tribute to Johnny Hodges.* Hodges, alto saxophone; with quintet, sextets, and big bands. M-G-M stereo, SE-4715, $4.98.	At a time when grief at the passing of this great musician is still so widely felt, this collection of quiet, ballad interpretations is fitting and consoling. Made between 1962 and 1967, it shows his unfaltering mastery in many different settings. There are performances that reveal his affinity with such accompanists as Earl Hines, Wild Bill Davis, and Hank	Jones. His ability to charge a song with emotion is strikingly demonstrated in the climax of "You've Changed." He plays the Ellington songs as no one else ever will, and on "Sometimes I'm Happy"—cleverly arranged by Jimmy Jones, and at an unusually slow tempo—he takes a familiar melody and makes of it something refreshingly new.
Bill Jennings: *Enough Said.* Jennings, guitar; Brother Jack McDuff, organ; Wendell Marshall, bass; Alvin Johnson, drums. Prestige stereo, 7788, $4.98.	Jennings is one of many excellent guitarists who have been brought to public attention in the context of the organ group. Prior to working with McDuff, he was with the pioneering Wild Bill Davis and Bill Doggett, and this experience probably accounts for the poised professionalism exhibited here. His tone is carefully controlled, warm, and expressive, and at medium and up tempos his phrasing frequently recalls that of Charlie Christian. He can also be heard to similar advantage with the same personnel under McDuff's leadership on *Brother Jack* (Prestige, 7785), and with	McDuff and Willis Jackson on *Cool Grits* (Prestige, 7783). The good tempi and relaxed swing on all three sets make them very appealing, and Prestige has done well to repackage them. For a glimpse of the current McDuff, there is an album called *To Seek a New Home* (Blue Note, BST-84348), made in London with an ambitious group that includes contemporary electronic impedimenta, French horns, and a harp. The arrangements by Jerry Long are ingenious, occasionally pretentious, but often very successful.
Buddy Rich: *Keep the Customer Satisfied.* Rich, drums; with big band. Pacific Jazz stereo, LST-11006, $5.98.	Recorded live in Las Vegas, this high-strung, pushy music is presumably designed for those staggering from their losses at the tables or under a load of free booze. Rich drives remorselessly, and his young musicians respond with the kind of enthusiasm that used to be the prerogative of Woody Herman's	Herds. In sum, there is too much shouting and not enough dynamic contrast. The piano solos are therefore always welcome, as is the muted brass on "Long Day's Journey." Of the soloists, Richie Cole on alto saxophone displays the most individuality.
Willie Smith: *Alto Saxophonist Supreme.* Smith, alto saxophone; Bill Perkins, tenor saxophone; Jim Rowles, piano; Max Bennett, bass; Stan Levey, drums; on the second side, Tom Gumina (accordion) replaces Perkins; John Guarneri replaces Rowles; Paul Ruhland replaces Bennett; and Irving Ashby, guitar, is added. GNP Crescendo stereo, GNPS-2055, $4.98.	After Johnny Hodges and Benny Carter came Willie Smith, the third musician in the triumvirate of alto saxophonists who ruled before Charlie Parker's revolution. A brilliant soloist, Smith was also —like Carter—one of the outstanding section leaders in jazz history. Both aspects of his talent are illustrated in this important album made in 1965, a year before his untimely death, and now re-	leased for the first time. He shows how to deal with a cloying ballad like "Who Can I Turn To?"; there are a couple of jumping originals; and a Lunceford masterpiece, "Uptown Blues," is brought to life again. His splendid tone and extremely individual phrasing are a constant reminder of his immense contribution to the Lunceford orchestra. Highly recommended.
Junior Wells: *South Side Blues Jam.* Wells, harmonica and vocal; Otis Spann, piano; Buddy Guy, guitar and vocal; Louis Myers, guitar; Earnest Johnson, bass; Fred Below, drums. Delmark stereo, D-628, $4.98.	This is a warming attempt to re-create the atmosphere of Theresa's blues bar "any Monday night" on Chicago's South Side. The program includes Wells's tributes to such predecessors as Sonny Boy Williamson, Memphis Slim, Muddy	Waters, and Robert Johnson, his expressions of concern for ailing contemporaries, and even a "Blues for Mayor Daley"! This last, taken at an admirable tempo, shows Spann and Below at their remarkable best.
The World's Greatest Jazz Band: *Live at the Roosevelt Grill.* Yank Lawson, Billy Butterfield, trumpets; Vic Dickenson, Lou McGarity, trombones; Bob Wilber, clarinet and soprano saxophone; Bud Freeman, tenor saxophone; Ralph Sutton, piano; Bob Haggart, bass; Gus Johnson, Jr., drums. Atlantic stereo, SD-1570, $5.98.	Although both playing and recording are impressive, the program is overloaded with Dixieland war horses of the kind Lawson and Haggart have emphasized since their Bob Crosby days. Perhaps their public expects to hear "That's A-plenty," "My Honey's Lovin' Arms," and "Jazz Me Blues" yet one more time, but originals by Freeman, Dickenson, and Johnson come as decidedly welcome relief. And the solos, too, compensate for the rowdy, overhearty Dixieland ensembles. Lawson and Butterfield, alone and	in dialogue, often seem inspired; Sutton is firm and accurate, and Freeman his customary zestful and fertile self; Wilber sounds like the best soprano saxophonist in the business today; and something new has been added in the form of Vic Dickenson, whose waggish humor makes a minor masterpiece of his own "Constantly." The most credit goes to Gus Johnson, whose impeccable rhythmic foundation is vital to the whole enterprise. —STANLEY DANCE.

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lack patience. We Indians in the auditorium have yet to learn how to respect musicians and other artists when the show is on. We are late to arrive. We are loud in our comments. We are very casual in our attitudes and reactions. The principal *dramatis personae* of a particular show—the artist, the organizers, and the chief guest—seldom arrive on time, and, as soon as they arrive, they are eager to draw the world's attention to themselves. In a Western auditorium, there is an altogether different mood and atmosphere: silence and solemnity all around."

"You have been playing to the accompaniment of the *mridangam*, a typically South Indian percussion instrument with its own beats and rhythms. Are you serious?"

"I never hesitate to experiment, as you know. There is no basic difference between the Hindustani system and the Karnatak style. *Laya* is fundamental to both. Only the approaches are different. There is an emotional rapport between me and Palghat Raghu on the *mridangam*, a feeling of oneness. That is why we have been able to achieve unison on the esthetic plane. But we have not gone deep enough yet. The *mridangam* still surprises me, as the sitar surprises my friend Raghu."

"How about the feasibility of a fusion between the techniques and sensibilities of the West and the East? A hackneyed question, I confess, but still relevant. You have the reputation of being a bridge-builder, and I'm sure you have an advantage over a number of other Indian maestros because of your rapport with the West."

"I'm always given credit where I don't deserve it and denied it where it is overdue. As a composer, I've no inhibitions. I don't hesitate to draw on any source with which I've a close, living contact. Any idiom—pop, jazz, classical, folk—is good enough for my purposes. But as a creative artist, I remain uncompromisingly Indian, reserving, at the same time, my right to experiment. Innovations and improvisations within the frame of tradition are not only possible but desirable, but these are best left to those who know what they are doing. If you develop a healthy contempt for clichés, everything will automatically follow. Tradition basically implies not only conformity but continuity. . . . I'm sorry, I'm talking too much. I must be off. I'm already behind schedule by five minutes. Excuse me. We'll continue our discussion when we meet next on my return from Europe."

"Thank you for the promise, Panditji. You will have grown taller by a few more inches, when I call on you next."

Something Is Rotten in Rock

by ELLEN SANDER

The pop music community, from its working center on out, is presently a disaster area. An open letter from Bill Graham, rock's most respected promoter, ran in all entertainment trade publications, bemoaning the outrageous costs of presenting top talent, the lack of quality second-string performers to build on, as well as places for them to get secondary exposure. Rock has become an establishment, a victim of the same malaise as is the Establishment it philosophically opposes. Groups are overcharging for performances, ticket prices are going beyond equitable exchange, and audiences all over are rebelling. Rock, after all, is community music, and the reciprocity that brought it to prominence is being lost to greed on the part of all concerned.

Repressive and discriminatory local legislation prevented many well-planned scheduled pop festivals from opening this past summer. Almost every pop festival that did open was ruined by irresponsible promoters or "revolutionary" contingencies, both of which feed on audience vulnerability. What has been learned is that between the rock hucksters and the new revolutionaries, there is just not that much difference.

There have been various peripheral reactions to the deterioration of the meaning of the rock scene. Soup, a group from Appleton, Wisconsin, with a heavy local following, put out their own record and sold it hand to hand rather than sign with a company.* The Aquarian Temple (a nonprofit ecology action organization) made an album out of cuts pirated from existing rock albums, arranged to present a strong statement, and is selling it for $2.50 to "raise funds for student opposition in Southeast Asia and to promote a more balanced and saner world environment for man and nature."** On a less altruistic level, young entrepreneurs have gotten into duplicating unreleased material or concert tapes of top rock performers illegally and selling the results on the street, sometimes for double to triple the conventional price of albums. What is being created is a backlash situation, the economics of which does not pass through the music business or the artistic community. While it is quite understandable in view of the exploitation of audiences, there is very little to be gained by it. Both factors contribute to the demise of anything constructive the pop community would be able to generate if all parts worked together as they used to (before the money got big). Neither realizes that they are both part of the same problem.

Change rarely happens except as the result of everything around it. No part of anything ever changes without affecting the whole. No center forms but as a compression of its peripheries.

To find the center of the action today, one looks to its pop music. Entertainment, viewed with some perspective, is always a social barometer. Since the Sixties, pop has been a political barometer as well. I'm not speaking of topical or protest music, linear editorials of the times; I'm talking about the way

the activity of the entire pop community—artists, business interests, and audience—reacts instantly, directly, and sometimes prophetically to every change within and without its direct sphere of influence.

Obviously, music hasn't ever stopped or prevented a war. We haven't come that far yet. But the pop music of our time, in its direct association with a changing young culture, is constantly pulling at the minds of those in its audience to recognize the diseases of civilization and not to perpetuate them. It is stimulation and encouragement for young citizens not already affected by the hypocrisy of "the system" to reorder their priorities before their lives are caught up in something they don't fully understand. At the very least it offers a diversion, at the most the option of at least thinking toward some kind of alternative lifestyle, one where others are treated with empathy, humility, compassion, and love.

* *Soup* is available from Soup, 4411 W. Broadway Drive, Appleton, Wisconsin 54911.

** *Unite* ($2.50 plus postage) is available from Aquarian Temple, 1789 Loyola Drive, San Jose, California 95122.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 44: spirea, aspire, Persia, praise.

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Leap Year

THE GUARDIANS of the television industry's economic well-being might give some thought to the odd concurrence of two apparently unrelated phenomena in the budding 1970-71 season, the new program offerings of which are presently being unveiled. I have in mind the fact that this is the historic year in which cigarette commercials will be banished from the airwaves; it is also the season that may be remembered in the industry's record book as the Year of the Running Leap and the Frozen Frame. Before the season began, I asked a press representative of one of the networks what the new shows were like. "I don't know really," he replied, "but I can tell you one thing—this year everybody is running." As some viewers may have already noticed, there's a considerable amount of accuracy in his observation.

Not only are the cops and robbers up to their customary accelerated peripatetics, chasing one another up and down the violent, bullet-ridden ranges of law and order, but this year there's *The Immortal* (ABC), a young man with nongeriatric blood in his veins, who will be the run-of-the season object of pursuit by the paid agents of grasping old men who are rich and unwilling to die their natural deaths.

Nor does the running stop there. The fever has invaded the usually sedentary domains of doctors and lawyers. *The Interns* (CBS) and *The Storefront Lawyers* (CBS) run joyously, like young satyrs and nymphs, hands locked, minis, jackets, briefcases, and stethoscopes flying, through the corridors of their metropolitan hospitals and across the traffic-heavy streets of their cities to the startled courthouses. At the apogees of their exuberant escalations, the artful film editor freezes frame—and there they are: airborne interludes to the next commercial.

It is all very youthful and mod (in a moment we'll speculate about its genesis), but essentially, as far as the industry is concerned, it is dangerous. For a year now, viewers have been exposed to the "kick-the-habit" anti-smoking commercial, in which the habit-kicker makes the same graceful leap into the air, to be suddenly frozen into a triumphant symbol of escape from tobacco addiction. Now, after January 1, 1971, there will be no more cigarette commercials, and it is entirely possible that the flying habit-kickers on television will also disappear or will be diminished to some absolute minimum of bare recognition. There will be only the leaping lawyers and the frozen-frame medics left between the commercials. Since the leaping and the frozen figures will no longer summon up direct connections with the smoking habit, they will constitute disturbing images, whispering some half-forgotten association and demanding closure. "Kick the habit! Kick the habit!"—they will be suggesting.

The danger lies in the possibility that the victim of the demanded cessation may well be the programs themselves, or even, more generally, the whole of television viewing. It would be ironic if the probably youthful, new producers, writers, and directors who are generating the winged victories of medicine and law should turn out to be the subversive erodents of their own careers, inadvertently persuading ghost-ridden viewers: "Kick that television habit!" They might be well advised to follow the example of the decision-makers who are responsible for another courtroom show, *The Young Lawyers* (ABC), which abjures entirely the running leap and the frozen frame for the more conservative forensics reminiscent of *The Defenders* or *Perry Mason*, those over-thirty arbiters of innocence and virtue. *The Young Lawyers* walk, they don't run, to their plodding, cerebral protection of indigents or defendants of merely modest means.

The problem of why the new creative talents in Hollywood have made their lawyers and doctors run and freeze is an intriguing one. It may be just an inexplicable phenomenon, a sociological cue picked up from the McLuhanesque environment. Maybe it's a secret sign of youth protesting against its own entrapment in the system. Possibly, these youthful creators were nurtured before the TV sets when *The Fugitive* ran and when Paul Bryan, the hero of *Run for Your Life*, was en route to his own appointment in Samarra. The protagonist of *The Fugitive*, remember, was what? A doctor, of course! And Bryan? He was a lawyer afflicted with an incurable malady. To grow up with such images is to perceive naturally that doctors and lawyers are people who run. When it comes time for you to portray these professions–why, naturally: Run, medic, run. Fly, lawyer, fly.

But what of the creators of *The Young Lawyers*? Ah, they were the youngsters who were never allowed to watch television; they grew up with the immobile images. Now, the nonviewers may be the defenders of television itself. It is enough to make one leap or freeze one's frame.

"Madame Olga will be with you in a minute. Have a fortune cookie."

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Communications Editor:
RICHARD L. TOBIN

The Coming Age of News Monopoly

SR Communications

51 **Editorial** by Richard L. Tobin

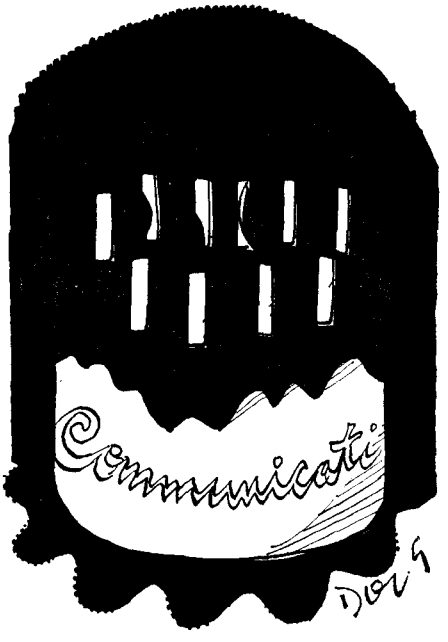
52 **Can Printed News Save a Free Society?** by Herbert Brucker

56 **When Advertising Talks to Everyone** by Fairfax Cone

58 **Asleep at the Switch of the Wired City** by Fred W. Friendly

61 **Publishing by Cathode Ray Tube** by Richard L. Tobin

63 **Letters to the Communications Editor**



Most of the inhabitants of Planet Earth, even the best educated of them, are unaware that more than three out of four persons on our globe live in a comparatively narrow strip of land between 33° and 53° north latitude, or roughly between the southern boundaries of the United States and Labrador in North America, from the Mediterranean to the Baltic in Europe, in China and Russia up through the North Temperate Zone. Indeed, since 90 per cent of the world's industry also lies in that narrow strip on the northern half of the globe, most of it in North America and Western Europe, that is where news is gathered and, to a large degree, published and broadcast on a regular basis. For these and other geopolitical reasons, the communications world has always been concentrated, both source and consumer, in this narrow strip of north latitude. To say that the news focus is already shifting is a needless cliché.

As *Saturday Review*'s Communications Supplement comes to the end of its tenth year, this geographical-political fact combines almost chemically with another to make the future of communications a matter of the utmost consequence. The other fact is the coming age of news monopoly, an era in which more than 95 per cent of all the daily newspapers in the United States will have no local print competition, where only two national news-gathering organizations will supply virtually everything broadcast over the average radio or TV station, and where a tiny handful of executives and news operators in but three networks will pretty much determine what the American electronic audience is allowed to know about the world in which it is trying to exist. When one combines the amazingly narrow focus of news interest and news customers with a trend toward monopoly in communication, one begins to shudder and wonder if 1984 is not nearer than George Orwell predicted, particularly as print and electronic techniques move ever closer.

It is to this fearful condition that the *Saturday Review*'s Communications Supplement addresses its first decennial report. William James once wrote: "What holds attention determines action," and these words will be increasingly true in the coming age of news monopoly. What continues to gnaw at the center of a newsman's soul is just who will determine where and how that attention is to be attracted. In ancient Rome the people were placated with bread and ever more brutal circuses; reading the American press and listening to broadcasts in 1970 one wonders if these tried and true political tenets are not still useful, indeed given priority at the dawn of the age of what we foresee as an encroaching news monopoly. Not all newsmen agree with us, including some of our outstanding contributors in this tenth-anniversary issue. They see antidotes, and we hope they are right. But we feel we must at the very least put up storm-warning flags before the hurricane of fascism, monopoly, one-man rule, and press gag engulfs our democracy.

This has been quite a decade for news and, generally speaking, well reported by even the monopoly press and broadcaster. We have gone outside our planet and man has placed foot on the moon. We have assassinated some of our best men. We have seen a disregard for law unparalleled in U.S. history. We have witnessed a surging tide among minorities everywhere. We have fought and are slowly trying to withdraw from an obscene military quagmire 13,000 miles from home. We have taken pictures of Mars but have not solved a degenerating transportation network. We have invented a simple pill to prevent birth, yet half the planet goes to bed hungry each night. We have a world political organization, but somehow we don't seem to want to let it work. We have the capacity to blow ourselves to bits and shrink from any prohibition of it. News? A full slate, and beyond. But how much of its sequence will our children be "allowed" to know in the next ten years, in the coming age of news monopoly? Perhaps the following pages will yield a glimpse behind the curtain, however disturbing it may be—disturbing but, we hope, informative. —R. L. T.

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Will the 1970s intensify the rising age of news monopoly, or will decentralization measures provide antidotes to Big Brother communication? Will the trend toward fewer and fewer broadcasters and editorial pages result eventually in one gigantic news center distributing information, even in print, directly into every home by electronics? Will journalism turn from an uninhibited cacophony to a single, overpowering voice? These are some of the things *SR* Communications' Tenth-Anniversary Issue will examine.

First, Herbert Brucker will face up to the coming age of news monopoly in newspapers, an age already here for print journalism. Can printed news save democracy? Mr. Brucker, teacher, writer, former editor of the *Hartford Courant* and president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, has eminent credentials to discuss this vital problem. Then, Fairfax Cone, one of the founders of the advertising agency Foote, Cone & Belding and long Madison Avenue's lonely public conscience, considers how advertising will function in the coming age of news monopoly. Next, Fred W. Friendly, former news boss at CBS and world-famed as a creative critic of broadcasting, writes under the provocative title "Asleep at the Switch of the Wired City." Mr. Friendly suggests ways to improve the greatest communications medium the world has ever known. Finally, the editor of the Communications Supplement during the first ten years of its life will bring *SR* readers up to date on new techniques of printing and broadcasting that will change and ultimately merge in the coming era of news monopoly. —R.L.T.

THE COMING AGE OF NEWS MONOPOLY

CAN PRINTED NEWS SAVE A FREE SOCIETY?

by HERBERT BRUCKER

Throughout its history the United States has depended on a free, thoughtful, and variegated press to give its people the information vital to self-government. The minimum goal for the 1970s must be to continue a printed report on the world that is so free, full, and varied that nothing significant can long be ignored or suppressed.

Can it be done? Monopoly of the press obviously makes it possible to transform journalism from an uninhibited cacophony into a single, overpowering voice. And in practical terms, monopoly in printed journalism is already here. For example: In 1910, when our population was 92 million, there were 2,600 daily newspapers in the country. Since then the number of papers has plummeted, even though population has shot up to more than 200 million. True, since World War II the shrinkage in the number of dailies has stopped. The total keeps hovering somewhere over the 1,750 mark. But because there are ever fewer papers per reader, the survivors speak with that much more powerful a voice.

Then, too, there are the chains. If the Hearst empire has diminished, from twenty-odd dailies to eight, there are plenty of others: Newhouse, Scripps-Howard, Gannett, Cowles, Copley, and numerous smaller fry. Lord Thomson of Fleet apparently does not know, from one day to the next, how many more papers than 150 he does own. But twenty-five or more of them are in this country.

Less conspicuous are the minor multiple ownerships that grow at an astonishing rate as individual papers, from the Los Angeles *Times* down to little ones, buy up one or more others. All told, ownerships of two or more newspapers now number about 160.

Moreover, only two wire services give the entire nation its basic information about the world. And most monopolistic of all is the fact that journalism in the United States, except in a surviving handful of cities, consists of one ownership per town. Recently, Congress, by exempting joint newspaper operations in twenty-two of those cities from the antitrust laws, has reinforced monopoly.

Fortunately, the press does not speak in the monotone that critics insist must follow from its limited numbers and concentrated ownership. The tradition of objective reporting survives. It gives newspapers a sense of obligation, however imperfectly observed at times, to report both sides of any controversy and to dig out skulduggery

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wherever it can be found. And newspaper chains, or groups as they prefer to be called, allow local managements more leeway than in the days when policy for all Hearst papers was a single one dictated from San Simeon.

The result is that little of significance is ignored or suppressed. If the American people take the trouble, they can be well informed. Nevertheless something has changed. As the sociologist Elisabeth Noelle-Neumann wrote more than a decade ago:

> To many, the publishing world appears to be an independent, autonomous power that does not reproduce public opinions formed elsewhere, but manufactures them. The press was once regarded as the decisive instrument for the liberation of the individual from absolute government, and nowadays we are more inclined to ask ourselves how we can liberate the individual from the spiritual despotism of the mass communication media.

It is almost as though printed newspapers had been swallowed up into a single monster of mass communication that impresses a single view of the world upon the mind of a mass public. Newspapers, the big magazines, radio, television, and films have homogenized us. By reaching people in vast numbers with powerful effect, through psychologically based advertising as well as news, they show us a world that we all seem to share, even though individuals remain as varied and disparate as a ghetto child and a Texas oil baron.

Whatever happens, from inflation to Cambodia, seems to happen without our being able to do anything about it. Is this because the technological world we have contrived has triumphed over Jeffersonian democracy? Do we no longer get enough information to enable us to understand, and therefore control, the myriad intricacies with which President or Pentagon or Congress, and even our state and local governments, must contend?

Beyond question, the world is vastly more complex than it ever was. In George Washington's day, the New England farmer or Virginia planter could judge the issues before the country almost as well as the President himself. A bridge was a bridge and a musket was a musket. Today, who knows enough to say whether or not to build an FX-111? Or how to balance production of all the automobiles we insist on against pollution of the air we breathe? Or how to recruit, train, and pay the police who will be just as necessary after the revolution as before?

Perhaps, however, our bafflement results less from ignorance of the arcane details of our affairs than from a new phenomenon so far little reckoned with: the fact that modern mass communications seem not only to report the world, but actually to change that world in the process.

A major problem is that we must stop thinking of our mass media as a single behemoth. There is no Establishment that uses the lot of them to insure the triumph of Middle America. Nor are newspapers, television, and all the rest ruled by that Eastern liberal cabal that Spiro Agnew sees in his nightmares. Our trouble is not that simple. It derives instead from the fundamental fact that, even though we get substantially identical news from radio, newspaper, newsmagazine, and Walter Cronkite, the various journalistic instruments through which we get the news have startlingly different effects upon us, without our even being aware of it.

Consider the fact that, thanks to television, too many of us now know too much about one another. We no longer live in rural areas, small towns, small cities, and big cities. All of us together live in a single world. That surviving exemplar of nineteenth-century individualism, the Maine lobsterman, knows all about riots at Berkeley, because he has seen them for himself, without leaving his own house. The Orange County John Bircher knows enough about the ghetto to fear it, for the same reason.

The result is that all of us together, battered ceaselessly by an endless surf of breaking events, seem no longer capable of taking in stride a world that isn't really any more tumultuous than it ever was. As Charles L. Bennett of the *Daily Oklahoman* and Oklahoma City *Times* has put it:

> One of the mirages of today . . . is the belief that better communication necessarily results in better understanding. . . . Information becomes useful only when organized, analyzed, and rationalized. This requires self-disciplined, unemotional thought, and, too often, it's far easier to dismiss the day's news with an emotional, all-encompassing reaction and let it go at that. . . . Public discussion becomes public argument, recrimination, and name-calling.

S. I. Hayakawa, the semanticist turned gamecock president of San Francisco State, adds that "television tremendously magnifies everything that goes on television." That is why today's students are more involved in the world than any before them. With their own eyes they have seen such things as the struggle for civil liberties in the South, the assassinations of the Kennedys and Dr. King, and the endless, meaningless violence in Vietnam. No wonder they feel themselves to be an integral part of all that is happening.

It was not so when adults sat quietly reading a newspaper, and students didn't even bother much with off-campus news. Newspapers of former days reported war, pestilence, and disaster just as papers do today. But those reports, mostly from distant parts, still left us undisturbed. It all took place far away from where we sat.

Can we recapture such equanimity in a world whose flames television brings to within a few feet of us? In the midst of last May's Cambodia-Kent State upheaval, *The Wall Street Journal* said:

> When you feel the emotions rise from the riots and burnings on television, turn the blasted thing off, go out in the fresh air and take a walk around your own block. You will make a comforting discovery that you are not personally threatened at all.

The late Canadian historian and economist Harold A. Innis studied communication going back to the clay tablets of cuneiform writing and papyrus. He concluded that written codes imply "uniformity, justice, and a belief in laws, but also an element of rigidity." Methods of writing that require tools and training preserve traditional ideas and outlooks. By contrast broadcasting, which is instant and ubiquitous, requires no training to receive. "We can perhaps assume," said Mr. Innis, "that the use of a medium of communication over a long period of time will to some extent determine the character of knowledge to be communicated."

From this premise one can proceed to the thought that every revolutionary change in the means of communication is followed by a revolutionary change in society itself. Could it be the coming of radio and television that precipitated today's turmoil and trouble?

It seems unbelievable. Yet, precisely that is implicit in the doctrine preached by that other Canadian, Marshall McLuhan. Mr. McLuhan, though originally a teacher of Eng-

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A newspaper consists of just the same number of words, whether there be any news in it or not.

—HENRY FIELDING.

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lish, fights a losing battle with the English language. He is also something of a showman. Yet for all his exasperating obscurities he has given us a new insight. Scholars of communication seem persuaded that he is essentially right in saying that the medium is the message. As he puts it in one of his less obscure presentations: "Societies have always been shaped more by the nature of the medium by which men have communicated than by the content of communication." It is not what *The New York Times* prints, or what NBC broadcasts, that matters so much as whether what is said is printed or broadcast. The difference between the two transforms our life, even though we don't realize it.

If this is true—and it has a persuasive ring—then it has enormous importance for journalism in the years ahead. It raises the question whether newspapers, which used to carry the burden of informing the country, and in so doing made self-government possible, can hold up their end in the shapeless, felt world of mass man that electronic circuitry has created. More than that, it makes us wonder whether our eighteenth-century Constitution, which in the past has been adapted to a changing world, can endure.

McLuhan says that before writing was invented "man lived in acoustic space: boundless, directionless, horizonless, in the dark of the mind, in the world of emotion, by primordial intuition, by terror. Speech is a social chart of this bog." Then came the goose quill, and that put an end to talk as the backbone of society. This "step from the dark into the light of the mind" brought civilization. It created towns and architecture, roads, armies—and bureaucracies. In due course it also brought printing. And printing in turn let loose a revolution of its own.

Aristotle had concluded that a democracy must be small if it was to work:

> If the citizens of a state are to judge and to distribute offices according to merit, then they must know each other's characters; where they do not possess this knowledge, both the election to office and the decisions of lawsuits will go wrong.

Thus, it was printing that made possible the expansion of self-government from a fifth-century Athens of perhaps 40,000 adult males to a United States of 200 million citizens.

Not only that but without printing, surely, there would have been no Reformation. And the Reformation, by establishing the right of dissent, cleared the way for modern democracy. It was not today's McLuhan but the 1840s' Thomas Carlyle who said: "Literature is our Parliament, too. Printing, which comes necessarily out of writing, I say often, is equivalent to democracy: Invent writing, democracy is inevitable."

And what is democracy when given life through representative government? Before World War II, during the years of the rise of totalitarianism, José Ortega y Gasset put it well:

> The political doctrine which has represented the loftiest endeavor towards common life is liberal democracy. It carries to the extreme the determination to have consideration for one's neighbors. . . . Liberalism is that principle of political rights, according to which the public authority, in spite of being all powerful, limits itself and attempts, even at its own expense, to leave room in the State over which it rules for those to live who neither think nor feel as it does, that is to say as do the stronger, the majority. Liberalism . . . is the supreme form of generosity; it is the right which the majority concedes to minorities and hence it is the noblest cry that has ever resounded in this planet.

Ortega y Gasset concluded, however, that liberal democracy "is a discipline too difficult and complex to take firm root on earth," and that humanity, therefore, soon became "anxious to get rid of it." This raises a question: If printing made liberal democracy inevitable, does television condemn it to death?

Twentieth-century totalitarianism, the marriage of tyranny and technology, was born in Leningrad in 1917. That was before radio existed or television was more than a dream. Yet again there is a ring of truth to the thesis that the individual and his private thoughts are at home with a newspaper, magazine, or book, but lost before the all-seeing eye of TV.

"Print technology created the public," says McLuhan. "Electric technology created the mass. The public consists of separate individuals walking around with separate, fixed points of view. The new technology demands that we abandon the luxury of this posture, this fragmentary outlook."

The man who views the world through his newspaper can think about it, bit by bit at a time. The child who grows up with television, to which he devotes more hours than to school, feels that the world surrounds him:

> It was the funeral of President Kennedy that most strongly proved the power of television to invest an occasion with the character of corporate participation. It involves an entire population in a ritual process. (By comparison, press, movies, and radio are mere packaging devices for consumers.) In television, images are projected at you. You are the screen. The images wrap around you. You are the vanishing point.

Is television then making mass man a cipher, a recipient, rather than a doer and originator? The thought fits neatly into the contemporary scene. What with increasingly nosy census-takers, ever more official wiretapping, and proliferating data banks that tell Big Brother all about us, the government knows more and more about the citizen who knows less and less about his government. Does this, linked with a return to the directionless world of feeling that preceded writing and print, impel us willy-nilly toward a United States in which not the citizens but a President who commands television at will calls the tune?

We have already gone part way. Television is transforming politics—from election campaign to Presidential preponderance over Congress to Presidential press conferences.

The press conference, in FDR's day, was likened to the question hour in Parliament. A small group of informed reporters put the President on the griddle with searching questions, and—despite his skilled fencing and dunce's corner—kept after him until they got an answer. Today's press conference is a TV spectacular, a ritual of showmanship dominated by the President. Newspaper reporters have become but actors. Their role is to jump up and vie for recognition, with the lucky ones confined to opening the Presidential floodgates. They never follow up a question, because time and their numbers forbid. Besides, it would take a brash individual to say to the President, before a watching nation, "That's all very well, Sir, but why don't you answer the question?"

Moreover, not only presidents but governors and senators are increasingly sold to the electorate over TV as though they were a soap or detergent. Not only that, but in the 1968 campaign President Nixon avoided the interview programs, ignored the news shows, and, simply by buying

> Our liberty depends on the freedom of the press, and that cannot be limited without being lost.
>
> —THOMAS JEFFERSON.

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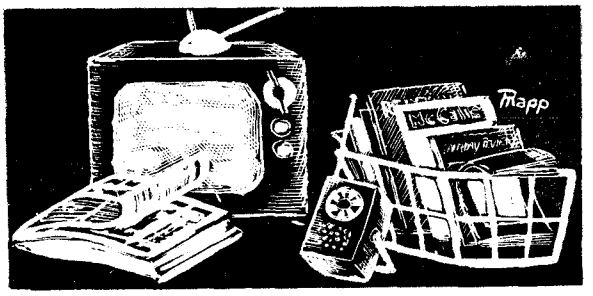

time, told the voters only what he chose without anyone to doubt or question.

Once in office, moreover, a politician who knows TV can use it to keep the mass public behind him. The President commands prime time at will. This makes Congress restive, because, although it is supposedly a coequal branch of government, it is too sprawling and shapeless to rate equal TV exposure. Add to this the fact that television broadcasts not so much images and sounds as emotions, and you come face to face with something new in American history. Instead of being independent citizens who control their government, we risk becoming a powerless mass ruled from above. Is that what frustrates all of us, and what makes the young ready to scrap "the noblest cry that has ever resounded in this planet"?

Half a dozen years ago David Brinkley assured the American Society of Newspaper Editors that TV could never replace the newspaper: "Most of the news in the papers we cannot cover and we will never be able to. When it comes to covering the news in any kind of detailed way, we are just almost not in the ball game."

Obviously, the reverse is also true. Television can report with a direct and vivid intensity print cannot match. On top of that its documentaries and thoughtful panels can give events and trends a life and meaning rare in print. Television may be totalitarian by nature, rather than democratic. But it carries a punch.

Burns W. Roper of Roper Research Associates concluded, from detailed surveys of the public attitude, that while newspapers are first in informing voters about candidates for local and county elections, television leads in state campaigns. As for national elections, television "has a commanding 41-percentage-point lead over newspapers."

By 1968, moreover, television outscored newspapers 57 to 23 per cent (magazines and radio were also-rans) in answers to the question: "Which would you say gives you the clearest understanding of the candidates and issues in national elections?" Furthermore, the public says that, if you get conflicting or different reports of the same news story, television is more believable than newspapers, 44 to 21 per cent. Ouch!

Yet, the question remains: Can television tell enough about enough issues—their origins, details, values, and meanings—to make an informed citizenry possible? Painstaking analysts have questioned whether what seems like (and often is) the immediate, overwhelming reality of an event on television cannot also be, and sometimes necessarily is, distorted. What appears to be the visible, self-evident truth is not necessarily the truth, as witness the popular reaction to the famous battle of Chicago in 1968. Then the press reported more police violence than the street films, taken under Mayor Daley's restrictions, were able to show. Yet, the public back home would not believe even such police violence as it had seen on the film clips with its own eyes. Again, can the endless TV snippets of whirling helicopters and shattered buildings reproduce the subtle realities that make Vietnam the world tragedy that it is?

One comes away from that anfractuous puzzle, the interrelation between mass man and mass media, with the conclusion that if democracy is to be saved print must save it. Can it?

Fortunately, print is unlikely to disappear. Facts, ideas, emotions, and meanings, fixed in print, are too valuable to give way entirely before the vacuous mind that seems to be induced by the vacuum tube. So, no matter how much they may change, newspapers should survive.

For some time the bigger ones will continue to roll off monster letterpress rotaries. More and more medium-sized papers are already being printed, with clearer pictures and neater type, on offset color presses. And before long we shall begin to see print-outs issuing from that little box hitched to the TV-hi-fi console in the living room. But what matters is not the photoelectronic technics that will produce newspapers in the future so much as the product itself. The familiar, believable, paper-and-ink record that we can hold in our hands, ponder individually and at leisure, and save for reference must continue to be widely available and widely read if the American people are not to become a single, faceless mass.

This puts as heavy a burden on newspapers as on magazines and books. Those in the command posts of printed journalism are going to need a deeper insight, a more selfless moral purpose, than comes naturally to any group of men. They will have to work harder and more skillfully, and spend more money, than their predecessors ever did if they are to lure mass man into reading the stuff he ought to read and ponder for his own good.

What is that stuff? A good question, as the lecturer said when he didn't have the answer. Besides, experience has taught me not to prophesy. Still, the years since World War I, and the changes those years have wrought in newspapers, surely point to the future. To wit:

First and foremost, if democracy is to survive the newspaper reporter must continue to be an observer on the sidelines, a detached and knowledgeable inquisitor into what is going on. I have had occasion to see something of the rising generation of activist-journalists, and for all their fiery idealism they are a curious throwback to the early days of printed newspapers, when reporting was indistinguishable from propaganda.

This is because they yearn to take newspapers, after the manner of the underground press, into television's psychedelic world of emotionally felt truth. They are impatient with the old standard of factual, objective, measurable, and verifiable truth, which, though necessarily imperfect, is at least a crude portrait of the world as it is—warts, halos, significance, and all.

To the activist-journalist what he thinks about the news is as important as the news itself. Hence the younger generation's impatience with the newspaper as mirror of the world, and its desire to transform it into a weapon with which to win the future.

This is, however, a formula for getting opinions first, and thereafter looking for facts to bolster those opinions. It does not follow the scientific method of amassing a maximum of particulars, whether they support your dearest hopes or not, and then drawing conclusions from the lot. No doubt objective reporting is more difficult than the zealot's instant truth. But truth still wears as many faces as

(*Continued on page* 64)

Guilt only dreads liberty of speech, which drags it out of its lurking holes and exposes its deformity and horror to daylight.

—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

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WHEN ADVERTISING TALKS TO EVERYONE

by FAIRFAX CONE

When publicly contemplating the future of almost anything, there is nothing safer than to see in it all manner of drastic change, even to the point of disaster. Then, if trouble comes, the viewer with alarm can smugly regard the situation that he has predicted and be called a wise soothsayer. If, on the other hand, the prophet of crack-up and breakdown turns out to be wrong, no one is hurt, and he need only say that his timing was off or that vastly changed circumstances made the difference. I am going to take the long chance.

If we are indeed entering an era of news monopoly in terms of both national and world news, it seems more than likely that regional and local news services actually will be increased. The development of small-town and suburban community newspapers at a time when many big-city newspapers have ceased publication has been a phenomenon of the last two or three decades. Now, with local cable television coming to communities of all sizes, it can be predicted that this new emphasis on local news and interests will be intensified.

A recent broadcasting event in Newport Beach, California, illustrates this. The cable television station there invited thirty candidates for public offices ranging from the U.S. Senate to the local village council to tell their stories in terms of their own interests. All accepted with the result that hundreds of citizens of this small southern California seaside community for the first time saw candidates in the light of their own problems.

In much the same way, I believe we are entering a time when much advertising also will become more local and more meaningful. Advertising aimed precisely at what might be termed need-groups promises a new and welcome relevancy.

> Three hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets.
>
> —NAPOLEON.

When advertising tries to talk to everyone, the result is no different than it is when any other form of communication is aimed at the largest possible audience. The days of yellow journalism at the turn of the century are an example. The heyday of the great mass magazines in the 1950s is another. Neither could last, for audiences tire of unchanging fare, and either break up into separate interest groups or find new sources for their enlightenment and their entertainment. Both of these developments are occurring in broadcasting at this moment, and their effect on advertising will be profound.

One of the unhappy concomitants of today's television, with its enormous time and production costs for advertising, has been the unwillingness of many major advertisers to depart from commercial routines that have proved to be successful economically, no matter how wearisome they may be to millions of viewers. It is a demonstrable fact that one's reaction to almost any advertising message breaks down into two parts: the form in which the message is presented and the promise itself. The result is that the form may be, and often is, a subject of ridicule (e.g., the white tornado that blows through the kitchen or the eye-winking plumber who clears a clogged drain with nothing more than a sprinkling of powder that is available from your nearest friendly grocer), while the proposition that is made for the product involved is totally accepted.

If this sounds impossible, or even improbable, I can only explain it in terms of noises to which one becomes accustomed to the point of not hearing them at all, while a special sound of much lesser intensity comes through loud and clear. However, this is hardly an excuse for the foolishness that makes so many commercial minutes seem ugly and interminable.

The trouble lies in the lack of creative ability in the people in advertising agencies and production studios, and among the advertisers, who are caught between two deadly dilemmas. One is to follow the leader with the implausible dramas of fun and games at the sink or in the bathroom or laundry; the other is to try anything at all that is different—for that reason alone. Of the two, it is questionable which is harder to take if one pays attention.

Both, however, may well be headed for the discard, for paying attention to the commercials is no longer a requirement of the television experience. In the beginning it was said, and it was probably true, that viewers gladly accepted the advertising as a reasonable price of admission to the shows they watched. But the audience has become more sophisticated. There has developed a little mechanism in the brain of almost every one of us that can automatically shut off our attention to a point where only certain sounds come through: mostly product names and promises and pertinent details of unusual services.

To be sure, there are exceptions to the general low interest in commercial messages. Some are full of fun and the fun is to the point. Others, such as commercials for many food and household products, present demonstrations that help the homemaker with her relentless job. Still others substitute dramatic facts for throaty claims for automobile tires and batteries and insurance, etc.

The changes that one can foresee in advertising in the next few years, and that should make much of it more attractive and useful for everyone concerned, are becoming apparent in an about-face in advertising philosophy that will bring it into line with growing interest in the consumer as an object of concern and respect and not a faceless, nearly mindless purchasing unit. To say this another way, I believe the impersonality is going out of advertising much as I believe that it is going to be replaced in business for the very good reason that this works both ways: Customer loyalty simply cannot be maintained by an impersonal supplier, and business and advertising must, in the long run, depend on that loyalty. That they must also earn it is the reason for the inevitable changes.

The alternative is the complete breakdown of an imperfect system. The imperfection may be the result of growth and standardization, and the temporary subjugation of the individual during a period of great economic change and concentration of power. Whatever the reason, no one can doubt that as a nation we have arrived at a time when skepticism may be our most outstanding characteristic. Vietnam is only one reason for this. Right-

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ly or wrongly, the maturing generation believes that we have been lied to and manipulated by business and government, and even in our educational and legal systems, and the young men and women who supply this generation with its conviction and strength see advertising as one of the worst sins of a venal establishment. Nor is this a question particularly of dishonesty or sharp practice. Unhappily, these evils are largely taken for granted. The overriding objection is to the mass appeal of advertising at a time when all the emphasis our young people can muster is on individuality. There is a thing called life-style that simply cannot be dictated by anyone—advertisers least of all.

This will unquestionably mean more special-interest publications, both magazines and community news organs (either printed or electronically reproduced), with special-interest advertising. Still, the biggest change will probably be in television and television advertising, where the messages for many products and services will be delivered almost as professional buyers' guides by a nationwide corps of competent local authorities who will evaluate and recommend products and services according to their own standards and experience. Products of only general interest (or those lacking interest at any given moment, such as analgesics) will continue to be advertised over the networks in national news and sports programs and the more popular comedy and variety and dramatic hours.

Despite considerable speculation to the contrary, it seems unlikely that either pay television or the cassette will mean the end of the big variety or dramatic programs or the ace news commentators as we have come to expect these from the networks. For one thing, entertainment that one must pay for must be a good deal better than entertainment that is free, and this may be hard to come by for more than a few hours in any week, for the costs will be considerable. Also, news cannot be canned; it must be contemporaneous. On the other hand, hundreds of independent cable television stations are going to compete, and successfully, I believe, with the run-of-mine programs by offering a conglomerate of special interest features for limited but extremely receptive audiences.

Cable television was introduced as a means of establishing or improving physical reception in remote areas, and this it has done very successfully. While no one knows precisely what its effect will be in metropolitan centers, where reception is satisfactory for the most part and where there is already a choice of channels and programs, the likelihood is that it will become not so much an extension of television as we now know it, but an essentially new medium.

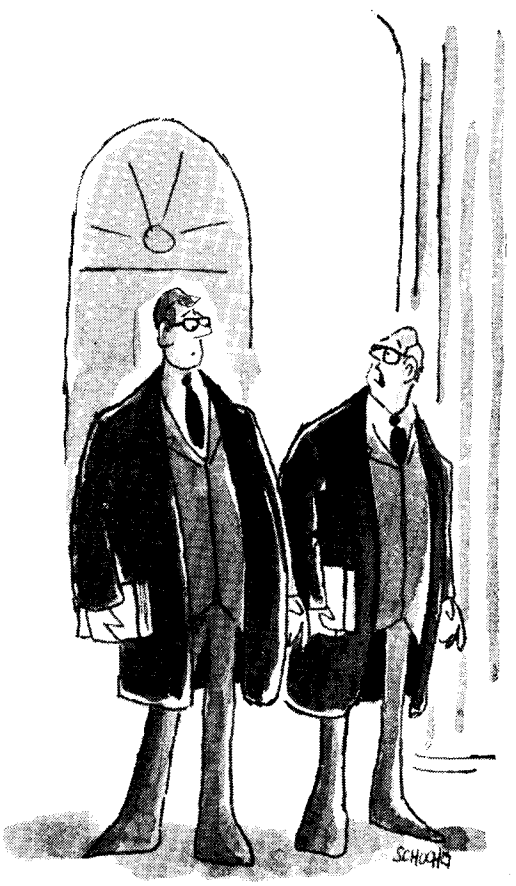
It is not difficult to imagine the attraction of a station that performs service to the community by broadcasting purely local news and commentary and an almost unlimited number of programs of unique interest. The key factor, of course, is the freedom of the cable station operator from the demands for a large audience by any advertiser, for his audience is made up of paid subscribers. Such advertisers as there may be, and I expect there will be many, will be satisfied with any reasonable, and reasonably priced, audience whose special interest they share.

This, then, is where the greatest change in advertising is likely to take place. In recent years, most large advertisers increasingly have aimed their messages at the largest available audiences at the lowest possible cost per thousand. This led to the disastrous circulation races among the mass magazines, the strain of which caused the demise of half a dozen of them, and a gradual diminution in the number of daily newspapers. Neither could compete successfully with a medium that was wholly advertiser-supported and adored by advertiser and public alike. This was in television's long honeymoon stage. Today many an advertiser is beginning to wonder whether the large audiences are really worth the total expenditures involved, no matter how low the cost per thousand. The questions arise partly out of a desire to save money and so increase profits and partly out of a determination to talk only to one's most logical prospects. Clearly, such a change in advertising strategy should dictate a much more thoughtful and much less blatant use of all advertising media.

It is safe to say that television is today the principal source of news as well as entertainment for the majority of American families. If this presaged a monopoly of either one by a monolithic television system, I would be fearful of the result. But I think the imminence of community cable television negates the possibility, in the very

(*Continued on page* 65)

> No government ought to be without censors; and where the press is free none ever will.
>
> —THOMAS JEFFERSON.



"The book I banned twenty years ago is now required high school reading."

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ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH OF THE WIRED CITY

by FRED W. FRIENDLY

When such diverse voices as William Fulbright, Paul O'Dwyer, Nicholas Johnson, Spiro Agnew, and Harry Belafonte are raised against the state of broadcast journalism and the limited access to the media, they are partly right. But they are right for the wrong reasons. Like most of us, they have been asleep at the switch—and often at the wrong switch.

Senator Fulbright complains that "exclusive access" of the administration to television with no automatic right of reply for members of Congress "is a dangerous, unchecked power. . . ."

Vice President Agnew castigates the network news organizations as "a tiny enclosed fraternity of privileged men, elected by no one and enjoying a monopoly. . . ."

Paul O'Dwyer and Newton Minow, as defeated candidate and former regulator respectively, condemn the high cost of political air time which, in effect, permits some rich candidates to buy an election. . . .

Harry Belafonte and the applicants for KNBC-TV, Los Angeles, protest the absence of television channels for minority use. . . .

John Macy, Joan Cooney, and the Ford Foundation view with alarm the reality that public broadcasting has no VHF transmitters in Washington, Los Angeles, Detroit, and fifty other major American cities. . . .

All have identified the disease, but they are misled by the side effects of the temporary remedies improvised for the original ailment, what physicians call iatrogenic disease.

What ails us is not too many Brinkleys and Cronkites, not the broadcast executives who favor President Nixon at the expense of Senators Fulbright and McGovern, not a conspiracy of white supremacist station owners who will not give minority groups the prime time of day (although there are a few of these). Rather, the major restrictive and malevolent force is the absurd shortage of air time. Exclusive access for the President, or the broadcaster you dislike, or the millionaire candidate is "dangerous power," as Fulbright calls it, only because the limited number of channels artificially swells the audience and inflates the price.

To restrict Louisville to two major VHF channels, and the nation's capital to four, to allow an electronic cartel in New York and Los Angeles to be monopolized by the seven early license holders, is to create an autocracy where a very few citizens are more equal than all the others. At stake is not the First Amendment or the right of free speech, but the exclusive custody of the master switch.

What is wrong is that a single organization, no matter how responsible, should be the gatekeeper, principal user, rate-maker, and adjudicator of who shall ride. Far from limiting the three major news networks' right to the air or right to report, I would increase the channels available to all users, including the networks. The present system necessarily limits that freedom of speech the broadcasters so eloquently demand and so seldom fully exercise. Eric Sevareid and Howard Smith simply do not have the latitude of a Tom Wicker and a William Buckley, not because they are any less bold or any less wise, but because the exclusive nature of the electronic printing press requires caution in interpretative reporting and news analysis.

Walter Lippmann once said that this situation was like having just three printing presses, and, in fact, it is this seller's market which prevents the highly skilled network news organizations from getting the air time their assignment requires. The concern over news programs is shared by the network producers, who are constantly aware of that unbearable nightly attempt to shoehorn a daily news budget into twenty-two minutes, causing oversimplification in the interest of time, overdramatization in the interest of impact. The three major networks would at once expand their nightly news to an hour if they could just get the air time from the affiliated stations. But, once again, it is a shortage of air space and, therefore, the bloated value of air time.

For the politician, Lippmann's analogy of three printing presses should be projected to three electronic soapboxes. A half-hour on that soapbox now costs a national candidate more than $100,000, a local politician as much as $6,000 to $8,000 a minute. Television has become such a political necessity that Kenneth Gibson or Hugh Addonizio, running for mayor of Newark, a city of 400,000, is forced to buy a market of twenty million, extending from Princeton, New Jersey, to Danbury, Connecticut, to Queens, New York. It has made the high cost of campaigning an aberration of democracy.

It is not my purpose here merely to curse the darkness, but also to state that this age of short supply could be coming to an end. The phenomenon of a thick strand of tensiled copper wire encased in plastic may change television as much as television changed wireless radio, for the miracle of the wireless is about to be replaced by the practical necessity of the wired city. The old line-of-sight transmitter that made the highest point in town a landmark may soon become the relic of another age, like trolley tracks or the towpath along the Erie Canal.

It is ironic that the cable, which came unceremoniously as an improvised method of relaying television reception into rural areas, may now be coming to revolutionize the big cities. This ordinary-looking shaft of copper is a true turnpike, as geometrically enlarged in capacity as a sixty-lane thruway would be over the old unpaved Boston Post Road. Comparing this coaxial cable to a telephone wire, says FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson, is like "comparing Niagara Falls to a garden hose." With it, every home could have the capacity to receive forty picture channels, several digital display screens, virtually unlimited stereo music positions, a facsimile newspaper or daily news magazine, and facilities for reading the gas meter and keeping watch for fire and intruders. The possibility for such a two-way, feedback system linked to our schools, hospitals, libraries, and busi-

> Newspapers are the schoolmasters of the common people. That endless book, the newspaper, is our national glory.
>
> —HENRY WARD BEECHER.

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nesses is a clear and present dream. And its potential impact on news and public affairs, on the print and broadcast media, on the way we entertain ourselves and teach our children is what the challenge of '76 is all about. When one's imagination adds to this the opportunity for combining it with cassette storage and retrieval libraries, and all of it with synchronous satellites to interconnect the major cities and eventually the continents, the mind may well boggle.

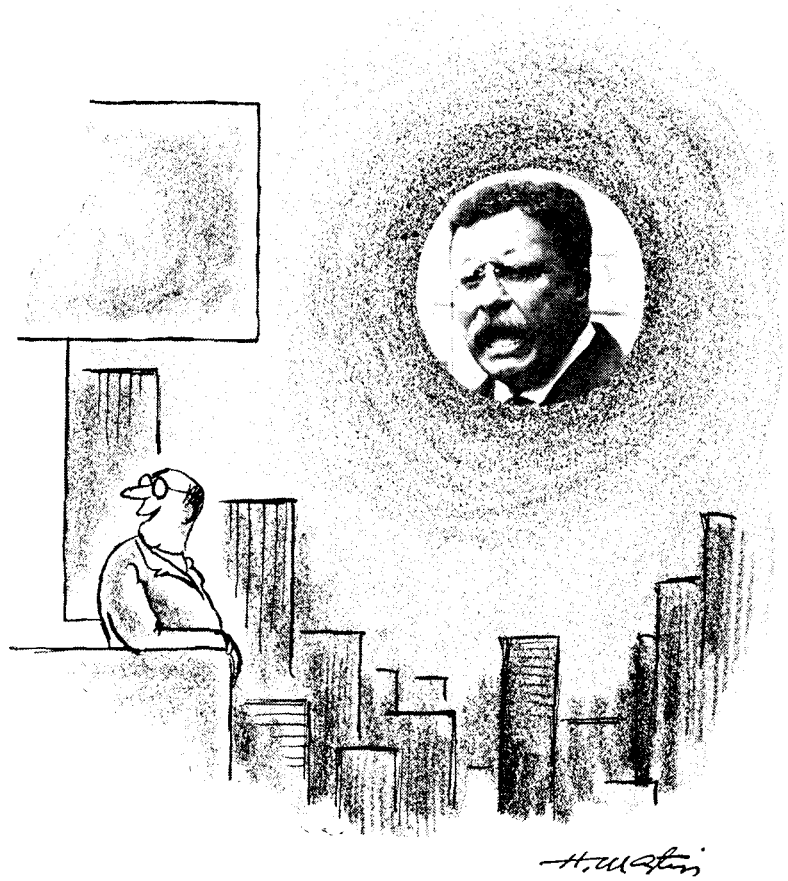
We had better not let it boggle us. If we again permit the wizardry and razzle-dazzle of technology to cause us to marvel at cable's short-term luxuries, we may find ourselves, as we did with radio and television, trapped in a thicket. Because these miracles sneak up on us, because we come by them more easily than we seem able to manage them, we permit new layers of the status quo to limit and often exclude decision-making that future opportunities demand.

Currently, the wired cities of America are being laid out by the same kind of rugged individualist and venture capital that in another age built our railroads and then permitted them to lapse into extinction. For the most part, the charters and regulations for the wired city are being drafted by the same mentality that plotted the interstate highway system at the sacrifice of a series of rapid transit systems. There is nothing venal or dishonest about these city managers and entrepreneurs. They are simply trying to make a buck for their city, a million for their investors, or to insure a dominant place for their company in the system by which pay television will operate.

Although the wired city could be a blessing, could eliminate the questions raised by the Agnews, Fulbrights, Johnsons, and many broadcast journalists, the truth is that without better planning and more regulation than we have presently in broadcasting, the new CATV system could be a debilitating and decaying force that could one day make us look back on the Sixties as the Golden Age. The wired city will not be an improvement just because it is there. Sixty channels will not stop the decay simply through diversity. The current monopoly could give way to a new Tower of Babel, in which a half-hundred voices scream in a cacophonous attempt to attract the largest audience. Somewhere between the monopoly of television and the nickelodeon of radio must come a free, but not reckless, plan for the wired nation.

There are, of course, lavish expectations of the fortunes to be made in CATV, and the bankers and financial analysts have studied it more than have most broadcasters or public representatives. What CATV can do for the nation is a blurred picture with ghosts of promises past. What CATV can do for the investor is becoming clear. If forty to sixty million homes are wired at $5 a month, it could become a $3-billion industry, and the private sector is asking the right questions to determine whether it will work: Will urban residents who do not live in cable country pay $5 a month for better pictures, and will the squabbles for jurisdiction among city, state, and federal authorities be worked out?

The tragedy is that the public sector has not yet determined the question it must ask to save itself. All the obvious questions about right of access, community participation, and protection of current broadcasters are rhetorical ones with unsecured promissory notes as answers; and they will remain so until America gets down to the bitter reality that none of the pledges can be redeemed unless a guaranteed method is found to recycle some of the profits into quality programing.



"Mary! Mary! Guess who the man in the moon is."

You can give channels to Leonard Bernstein, Sol Hurok, the Smithsonian Institution, Walter Cronkite, Robert Saudek, Mike Nichols, and Joan Cooney, but if you don't also provide them with a respectable budget, even they cannot deliver. Advertising money is going to continue to go where it now goes. Pay television may provide for some channels, but the box office is not likely to do any more for "the box" than it did for Times Square. If the new technology is permitted to reap the highest potential for the owners, the public interest will again be forfeited. Television promises, without solid guarantees, are only illusions.

The traditional remedy is to call for some well-defined regulations that would lay out the public requirements. Begin by clearing up the present jurisdictional morass of harried city officials, technically unsophisticated judges, and an overworked, understaffed, underfinanced FCC. Then adopt specific rules for the highest technical quality. Finally, it could be required that CATV be placed on a

Journalism consists in buying white paper at two cents a pound and selling it at ten cents a pound. —CHARLES A. DANA.

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> What is the difference between literature and journalism? Journalism is unreadable, and literature is not read. —OSCAR WILDE.

strict common-carrier basis with well-defined rules for access and number of channels available for public-interest programing.

But even assuming that you could accomplish all that by carrying the torch through a maze of powerful, conflicting political and economic interests, our past experience gives no assurance that regulation alone will enable the people to benefit from this new tool. The regulatory pattern developed by the Federal Communications Act of 1934 recognized the potential dangers of total commercial use of the new technology and called for regulation that had as its standard "the public interest, convenience, and necessity." Thirty-five years of experience teaches us that to impose that kind of regulatory pattern on cable television would be to confuse responsibility for loopholes. For instance, while today's technology makes possible twenty to forty-odd channels, cable operators continue to build their systems with the smallest investment possible. As a result, of 2,300 cable systems in the United States operating in 1969, only twenty-six had more than twelve channels. A survey of ownership reveals an almost mirror image of the broadcast industry—with the emphasis on the largest profit based on the smallest investment. In March of 1970, broadcasting interests already had controlling interest in 36.5 per cent of the cable systems operating. Most important is that nearly all the short-term community potential is being neglected, as no regulation has been developed to assure access to the system by all groups. Again, rules of access without guaranteed sources for programing on nonadvertiser channels are an exercise in futility, much like giving every orphan the legal right to attend college but without providing scholarships. The biggest loophole would be to insist on a minimum of public-service programing and then leave the definition and budget for such broadcasts to the franchise owners. That would be but a license for another electronic ghetto.

What is needed in the traditional structure are new elements of public enterprise that, by the sheer economic and political force of their position, will emerge as powerful contenders for cable franchises. In this way, the public can realize its fair rate of return by entering the sweepstakes where it counts—as a majority stockholder who can assure that sufficient revenue is recycled for serious community programing.

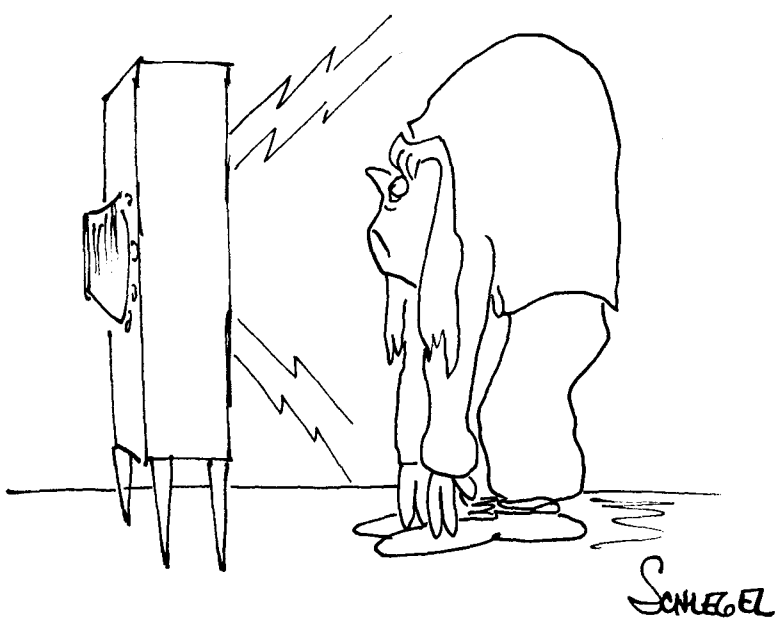
Public ownership in the power industry, such as the TVA, not only has been a useful benchmark, but it has helped to keep the rates down and the services up. We may already have a miniature Muscle Shoals demonstration of this possibility in Vincennes, Indiana, where the university floated two bond issues and was awarded cable franchises in four communities in Indiana and Illinois. The estimated income for 1971 may approach $350,000, most of which will go into programing for instructional and public television in the Vincennes area.

Most urban centers are still a blank page as far as the wired city concept goes. There is no status quo to bind us to the past, to obscure this new visibility. A new land rush to public enterprise could be opened to the public broadcasting center, the regional university or library, or a consortium of all of them. Under such a plan they might operate the system, but be just another user with limited access to some of the sixty channels. All others, including the commercial broadcasting stations, the city government and newspapers, would have expanded access, and revenue from the cable system would be used for improved programing. Only in this way will the public interest acquire a piece of the action and the benefits.

Tragically, even this option may have been denied the public sector by a little-reported FCC rule, curiously championed by well-meaning liberals on the commission. Attempting to untangle the threads of distant signal importation and copyright that are directly related to the growth of cable, the FCC acted to restrict local broadcasters from owning cable systems in their own areas. While no one can argue with the basic philosophy underlying that rule, the commission has also sought to exclude all of the public broadcasting stations. What they seem to be saying is that the commercial stations will be too dominant and the public ones too passive.

I would be the first to agree that public broadcasting has not always acted with the verve, intelligence, and excitement that many of its supporters have claimed. However, I would argue that to take this shotgun approach in targeting public broadcasting in the cross-ownership rule is precipitous action that can only play into the hands of the people who most want to exploit this system.

This is the time to keep all options open. For if some method is not found to regenerate the revenues for quality programing, this new rocket will fly off in its own mercantile orbit beyond everyone's control. If we were redesigning the streets of our city, rezoning our parks, changing the location of our bridges, everyone would demand to be heard. Simply because the concept of the wired city is currently beyond most people's vision does not mean that we can afford to let it slip beyond our grasp.



"All right, Ladies, where did we leave off yesterday morning?"

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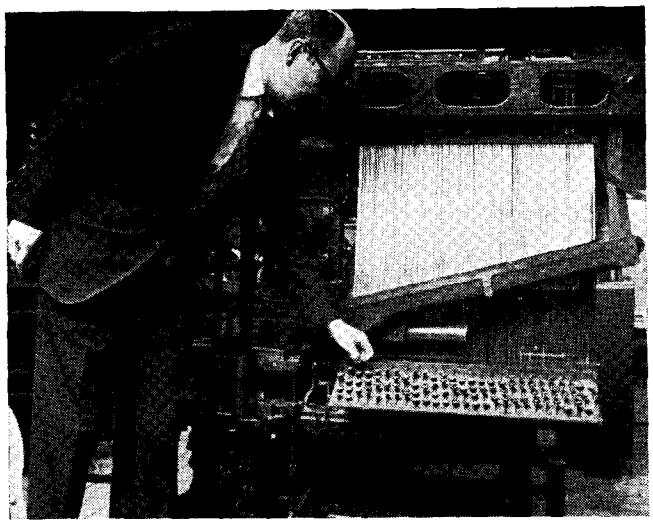
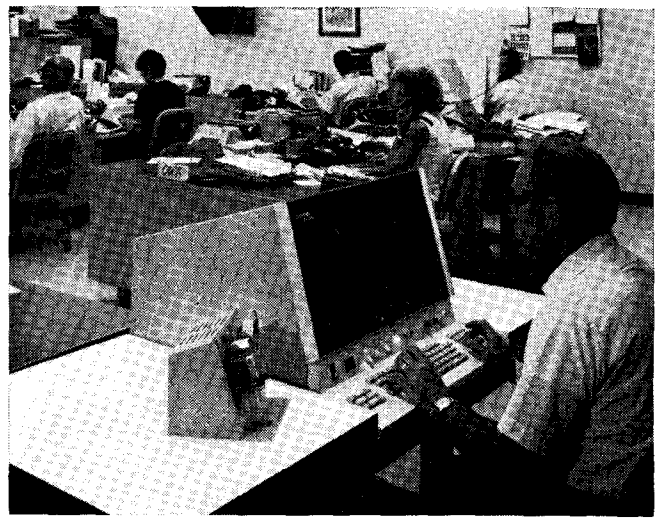


Dr. Robert Multhauf with Mergenthaler's original 1889 Linotype, now on display at the Smithsonian Institution.



Harris-Intertype's video display terminal for editing and proofreading news stories right in the city room.

THE COMING AGE OF NEWS MONOPOLY

PUBLISHING BY CATHODE RAY TUBE

by RICHARD L. TOBIN

By 1979, give or take a year, newspapers, and perhaps magazines, too, will be printed in your living room. This is the substance of a startling full-page ad that appeared a few weeks ago in *Advertising Age*, the bible of Madison Avenue. The ad was inserted by McGraw-Hill in behalf of its electronics periodical, now published every two weeks. The ad went on: "All it will take is a compact printout unit attached to an ordinary TV set. When you are ready for the stock market closings, ball game scores, or movie listings, you'll simply push a button. Instant newspaper. And you'll be able to get any part of it, or all of it, any hour of the day or night."

Once upon a time the printing press had the world of news all to itself. Then came radio, later television, to rob the newspaper of its original reason for being, and by now almost all first reports of the world's news come through electronics rather than print. Soon, however, the cycle of news will have come full circle, for the printing press itself will have been replaced by something plugged into the electricity of your living room. In another generation most of the homes in America will have an electronic communication center connected to a national control for both entertainment and news. If you want live television you press one button; if you want a fresh daily newspaper printed right in your home, you will press another. The video cartridge, or cassette, will transform television by the mid-1970s, and for that matter phonographs and records, as we know them, may disappear because in this home electronic center anybody can bring to heel virtually anything he wants at any hour of the night or day in the line of amusement or information, by sight, sound, or both—and in color at that.

Almost one-third of the country's daily newspapers are already using computers to drive typesetting equipment. Harris-Intertype reports that many others are exploring or have already adopted a form of offset printing akin to electronic printing; photographic typesetting, high-speed data transmission, and mailroom computer automation. It isn't in the future, it is already here—the era of electronic publishing. In the end there may be no typesetters at all, no stereotypers, no pressmen or linotype operators as we now know them. An editor will simply speak into a microphone, punch some buttons, bring his artwork into focus electronically, then sit back and wait a few seconds for his inkless paper. To say that journalism is in the vortex of a technical revolution is to magnify the obvious.

Central to this revolution in publishing is a gadget called a video display terminal involving a technique probably more astonishing to most modern journalists than the surface of the moon itself. The principal element in the video display terminal is a cathode ray tube, abbreviated to CRT when discussing the publishing industry of the future. Scores of companies here and abroad make, or plan to make, CRTs, and there are quite a few of them already in operation. There are many ways that a great variety of CRTs can be put to use. Let's look at one system.

The editor sits before a CRT display terminal. By the use of a keyboard he can call onto the screen a story that has been stored earlier. He can edit the story just as though he had a pencil in his hand and the words had been typed on paper. He can delete words or paragraphs, write in his own changes, shift lines around, and so on. If he changes his mind about what he has done, he can call the whole thing back the way it was before he started. When he is finished, he can send the edited piece back on to a memory disc, or he can send it out for makeup.

Editing by this method is no faster than the time-honored way, but when combined with an automated system of printing it has unlimited applications. When the CRT is a part of a computer complex it becomes almost incredible. At a recent conference held by the American Newspaper Publishers As-

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sociation's Research Institute, Stanton R. Cook, executive vice president of the Chicago *Tribune*, described a metropolitan newspaper of 1980 this way:

"Your production plant looks like a gigantic pinball machine, a bank of glowing dials and whirling tapes and multicolored buttons that occupies an entire wall. What's it all for? Composing, stereotype, warehouse, pressroom? Everything, everything. This is the central computer complex. Your entire plant is automated. . . . Our main inputs to the computer complex will be via cathode ray display terminals. There will be optical character recognition devices and graphics digitizing scanners that will convert photos and artwork into digital form for the computer. That guy over there is inputting marked-up copy to the computer with an Optical Character Reader (OCR) device. That lady is feeding a picture out of Washington through the digitizing scanner. The compositor working on makeup is sitting at a CRT display console. He's manipulating copy, photos, and artwork on the TV screen, instead of composing the ads from slugs of type, cuts, and engravings.

"Most classified ads will be inputted directly to the computer from CRT display terminals. Each ad flashes on a screen as it will appear in the paper. You also will see what the ad costs and receive a credit okay for the advertiser. If everything checks out, the ad-taker pushes a button and the ad goes to the computer storage bank. From instructions inputted by the ad-taker, the computer will automatically delete, skip, advance, or update any ads it has in storage. The classified storage bank fills until deadline time, when the computer shuts off for that day's insertions, then proceeds to completely make up the section.

"With the size determined, and with all ads allocated, the computer calls the makeup man for final page makeup and pagination. He and other editors will sit down at a CRT terminal and shorten or lengthen stories, change fonts or column measures, do what needs to be done to fit the news tightly but handsomely into the given space.

"When the editing is complete, the editors will pat the computer on the head, give it a squirt of oil as a reward, and go to work on the next edition. Though the editor's job is complete, the computer's job continues. It drives high-speed phototypesetters which produce the fully made-up pages."

Though Mr. Cook's prediction seems fantastic, it is a sober collection of facts from ANPA research and just around the corner from a technical standpoint. As of the moment there isn't an easy way to produce special offset for letterpress plates, but the remainder of Mr. Cook's procedures are already in use. Many small weeklies and dailies have already converted from letterpress to offset print; in a few years virtually all small-city dailies will operate in elegant offset. At that point the benefit of automated publishing is theirs, at the expense of pressing a button or two that will set a page of "type" in one second. CRT display terminals already are being tested in several places: the Huntington (W. Va.) *Herald-Dispatch*, the Chicago *Sun-Times*, the Los Angeles *Times*, the Lee papers in Davenport, Iowa, the Norwich (Conn.) *Bulletin*, *The New York Times*, and elsewhere. Everything is in a pioneer stage, so to speak, but technology is moving so fast that in a short time radical developments are anticipated. The wire services are racing to take advantage of the cathode ray tube. Both AP and UPI have been testing it. This fall AP will put into service four display terminals in its New York headquarters, the start of a major installation. UPI, within two years, will have from twenty-four to forty-eight CRTs operating, meaning that automation will take over just about completely.

The reporter will find the newsroom a different place. He will type his story on his own typewriter display connected directly to the computer. He can change and edit it as he goes along, calling back parts or all of it as he sees fit. For background information on the subject, he can go to a display screen and type a request to the library for stories appearing in the last ninety days pertaining to such and such. After reading the abstracts on the screen, he asks for a full print-out of the two or three stories that interest him, and a printer generates them in a matter of seconds. When he finishes writing his own story, he sends it into the computer, where the city editor can call for it when he is ready.

On a big daily paper, each department will probably have its own display terminals and perhaps will perform its own layout functions. The woman's page editor, the amusement editor, the sports editor, etc., will put together their own sections. Page 1, of course, will require the usual editorial conference. But at some point everything will come together where an editor, a makeup man, or some guiding power will put together that edition via CRT. As each page is okayed, he sends it off for photocomposition, a process that is accomplished in seconds. What this means is that editorial will have control of production. (All proofreading will have been done *before* text is released by editorial. Printing errors in a CRT system are so rare that they can be lived with.) The implications are great. But the role of the reporter is not endangered by the advent of CRT, and there is no reason to assume that the function of the pressman is endangered. He will be wearing clean clothes and pushing buttons. And the "pressman" will never get dirty.

It's a revolution all right. A century ago the linotype machine and photoengraving radically changed production methods in print media—ways of publishing that had progressed very little since Gutenberg. Now all of a sudden—and sudden is the precise word—technological lightning has hit the printed page. But however it comes to the reader, by press, ink, or computerized electronics, published language and those who edit it inevitably will be more involved and beset by what is to be transmitted than the devices that do the transmitting. If indeed we have come full circle and print and electronic news distribution have joined hands technically, the age of news monopoly is not only coming, it is already here, dragging with it vital questions of the centralization of power as fewer and fewer human beings tell more and more human beings the news of the day. These are storm-warning flags, and, regardless of the new techniques, and perhaps because of them, every journalist worth his salt has to be more vigilant than at any time since the founding of the Republic to be certain that 1984 is not what George Orwell gloomily foresaw.

> The liberty of the press is not confined to newspapers and periodicals. It necessarily embraces pamphlets and leaflets. These indeed have been historic weapons in the defense of liberty, as the pamphlets of Thomas Paine and others in our own history abundantly attest.
>
> —DECISION OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

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Letters to the Communications Editor

Not Even the Best Survive

READER John Grove [LETTERS TO THE COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR, Aug. 8] poses the question: "How can a newspaper publisher start with next to nothing and become a billionaire?" Of greater moment to a public deprived of the variety it once enjoyed at the newsstand is the converse of that question. Certainly it wasn't a lack of intrinsic merit that led to the demise of the Boston *Transcript*, the New York *Herald Tribune*, or the St. Louis *Star-Times*. These and other dailies too numerous for individual mention were respected components of their communities and could boast a sizable, faithful readership.

Because of circumstances of varying complexity, however, each gradually found itself incapable of attracting sufficient advertising linage to make continued operation feasible. Also entering the equation, as A. H. Raskin has so capably described in *SR*'s columns, were labor factors involving unnecessary duplication of work that served only to promote featherbedding in the New York area. Unquestionably, some newspaper enterprises have proved decidedly lucrative. Were this not the case, a certain Staten Islander would hardly be adding new ones to his extensive chain with a regularity that's becoming a bit monotonous. Even so, the regrettable fact is that public recognition of a newspaper's worth is no guarantee that it will survive.

THOMAS G. MORGANSEN,
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

Colleges and Journalism Recruiting

JOHN TEBBEL's article "Recruiting in the Inner City" [*SR*, July 11] presented some solid information about journalism programs for inner-city high school students. The article, however, failed to discuss two aspects contributing to the programs: the universities involved and the students' teachers.

The University of Michigan's involvement encompasses several facets. First, the UM Department of Journalism faculty has for two years actively worked with Detroit teachers and administrators to organize the Urban Workshops held in Ann Arbor. The workshops did not end when the students went home last summer. Faculty members also met with the students in Detroit during the past school year to discuss the students' publications and various aspects of journalism. Second, the university has provided financial support of the programs along with support from the Newspaper Fund, the Detroit *News*, and the Detroit *Free Press*. Last year, financial support came directly from the university's Human Relations Commission.

The students' teachers have also given their time to the program. For two years now, the teachers have accompanied their students to the university. While the high school students participate for three weeks, their teachers spend six weeks in journalism classes and participate in the workshop activities and programs with their own students. During the past school year, the teachers also met with all of last year's workshop participants, spoke to various groups about the program, and attended workshops for teachers in Detroit to help improve the journalism instruction throughout the city.

PAUL KOSMENSKY,
Department of Journalism,
University of Michigan,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

PERMIT ME to add a few details to John Tebbel's recent article. Specifically, the Washington, D. C., workshop location is at the American University and, more specifically, the Department of Communication, which provides the facilities and the staff. Important founding and continuing sponsors of this pioneer workshop are the Washington *Post* and the Washington *Evening Star*. The National Capital Chapter of Theta Sigma Phi and, more specifically, Dorothy Schuler helped the Department of Communication find Newspaper Fund support in 1968, which led to the *Post* and *Star* support. The *Post* and *Star* provide the bulk of the financial support.

I am happy to report that we now have expanded the Urban Journalism Workshop to the Urban Communication Workshops, which include a broadcasting and film workshop. The workshops are governed by an advisory committee of Washington-area media representatives. It is administered permanently and year-round by a coordinator, Larry Smith of the College of Continuing Education at the American University. We anticipate funding from several sources to provide the workshop students with college entrance and job counseling to insure that they seek the education and training necessary to enter the communications fields. This all-important follow-up is another pioneering feature that we hope the other workshops also can adopt.

ROBERT O. BLANCHARD,
Chairman,
Department of Communication,
American University,
Washington, D.C.

The Subjunctive

THE LETTER from Allen Wallace [LETTERS TO THE COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR, Sept. 12] criticizing the use of "like" in the sentence "He will always talk like a man" and the editor's note following it both indicate that a lesson in grammar is in order. "Like" in this case is correct, not just because similarity is involved, but because it is not a conjunction but a preposition, which it has every right to be.

KATHARINE BROWN,
Salisbury, Vt.

ASIDE FROM GRAMMAR, the Winston ads are offensive since they imply that good grammar and good taste (in a cigarette) are mutually exclusive and that people who protest bad grammar are pompous and deserving of group ridicule (at the hands of apparent half-wits singing an obnoxious song).

I think the general antagonism to the Winston ad answers the advertiser's question. Bad grammar is tolerable; bad taste is not.

JEFFREY MYERS, M.D.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Bookstores and Small Towns

I SHOULD LIKE to speak briefly in support of Ruth Cline's letter [LETTERS TO THE COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR, Aug. 8] about the difficulty of obtaining books in villages and in small-town libraries, if any. Alas, the situation is much more serious than that. As a publisher, I would be willing to go so far as to say that many good-sized cities (for example, even Providence, Rhode Island, the seat of Brown University) do not have one decent bookstore.

By decent bookstore I mean one that carries a broad stock and will also be willing, cheerfully, to put through a special order for a book. Only through grit and persistence can the average literate American obtain any given book at any time anywhere. Even in New York City, where so many books are sold, you had better be asking for a best seller or a book that is by a pretty prominent name to have much chance of finding it in stock.

BERNARD PERRY,
Director,
Indiana University Press,
Bloomington, Ind.

Where "It" Came From

NORMAN HILL'S "Decline and Fall of the Column Item" [*SR*, Aug. 8] is a good piece, but he erred when he says Walter Winchell first used "'it' to describe female pulchritude." Credit must go to Rudyard Kipling in *Mrs. Bathurst* (1904): "'Tisn't beauty, so to speak, nor good talk necessarily. It is just It. Some women'll stay in a man's memory if they once walk down a street." When Elinor Glyn, the English novelist, was in Hollywood in the days of Clara Bow, Mrs. Glyn was credited with the first use of "it" to connote sex appeal. But Kipling holds a prior claim.

JOHN ORLANDO NORTHCUTT,
Los Angeles, Calif.

IN NORMAN HILL'S article there is the inference that Jack O'Brian is no longer on the scene. I refer to the paragraph, "Besides Winchell, there *were* Ed Sullivan, Danton Walker, Dorothy Kilgallen, . . . Jack O'Brian and others." Jack is, in fact, syndicated nationwide by King Features to a quite sizable list of daily and Sunday newspapers, rivaling that of Len Lyons and Earl Wilson.

JOSEPH WILLICOMBE, JR.,
Director of Public Relations,
King Features Syndicate,
New York, N.Y.

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Printed News

Continued from page 55

it did in the days of *Areopagitica*. Surely, it comes more nearly to him whose aim is to report both sides of an issue than to him who reverts to the ancient fallacy of believing that there is only one truth, and he has it.

Therefore, if self-government is indeed to survive, the first necessity is a standard of reporting and editing that does not assume that a Bobby Seale or a Richard Nixon is either right or wrong before the fact-gathering begins.

With that philosophic fundamental out of the way, what of the nuts and bolts of printed news in the years ahead?

Because an increasingly crowded world leaves us ever less time for the news, the papers will have to spend ever more skill and sweat condensing the hard news, the bread-and-butter items running from Main Street to world affairs that every community must have. Here those two columns of WHAT'S NEWS on the front page of *The Wall Street Journal*, and the newsmagazines, point the way.

Thus compressing essential facts leaves room for the depth reporting for which this century has long cried out. But again, interpretive reporting must explain not by editorializing but by digging out ever more facts.

Self-government will be the more secure if the editorial page recovers the vigor and stature it had before the businessman took over from the editor as top man in journalism. In this day of monopoly, the editorial page is all too often as vapid as it is empty. Even in cities of some size one or two editorials a day often replace the half-dozen or more that are a minimum if the job is done right. Also, today's editorials tend to be smothered under the wet blanket of monopoly's desire not to offend anyone. The result is that they have the strength of wet tissue paper. Color and punch are left to hired columnists, who are excellent as far as they go but are no substitute for a paper's own insight and guts.

How is network news determined? A small group of men, numbering perhaps no more than a dozen, decide what forty to fifty million Americans will learn of the day's events in the nation and the world.

—SPIRO T. AGNEW.

We need editorials because we don't know enough to write interpretive news that says all that needs to be said. But effective editorial writing is less a matter of opinions served up in the brimstone and vitriol of old than of competence, integrity, and determination to get needed things said no matter whose sacred cow is gored.

Finally, owners and publishers, for the most part, have not yet caught up with the fact that monopoly puts upon them an obligation, as weighty as that which led to the tradition of objective reporting, to be objective before determining which side of any issue to come down on. Therefore, in the 1970s and beyond, the editor and his editorial writers should be left on a long leash—so long a one that they are free to examine each issue, each commercial interest, each candidate, and each party before deciding which, at that moment, is on the side of the angels. Let their motto be: I'd rather be right than Republican.

If we have papers like that, they will be read. Then who cares how many hours we spend glued to the tube?

—Reprinted from SR, April 11, 1959

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"We bought Manhattan only a few months ago, and here it is blighted already."

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Fiction

Continued from page 34

and telling detail, has chosen an unlikely heroine for her latest novel. Lise is an ordinary-looking woman of thirty-four who has spent the last sixteen years at the same dreary accounting job in a London office. As the novel opens she is about to leave on a vacation trip to Italy.

But Mrs. Spark, author of *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* and other novels, is not content with centering her story on a drab figure. Lise is eccentric to the point of making the reader wonder whether she is having a nervous breakdown. She buys a wildly unsuitable outfit in shrieking, clashing colors to wear on her trip. After promising to leave the keys to a friend's car with the porter, she walks off with them and insults the porter. She simpers at the clerk at the airlines ticket counter and chatters so much that he must ask her to move on. She terrifies a man on her flight who, she decides, is "her type," and accuses another of looking like Red Riding Hood's grandmother and wanting to eat her.

Mrs. Spark lards her story with hints of violence to come. Chapter III begins with the statement: "She will be found next morning dead of multiple stab-wounds, her wrists bound with a silk scarf and her ankles bound with a man's necktie, in the grounds of an empty villa, in a park of the foreign city to which she is traveling on the flight now boarding at Gate 14." And scattered through the text are hints that people whom Lise meets in her travels will remember her eccentric behavior and later tell the police about it.

It seems as if Lise is deliberately laying a trail—but for what? After the first half-dozen unreasonable acts, the reader begins not to care much what happens to so odd a heroine. This is the nonhero carried too far, and one becomes detached to the point of boredom.

Is Mrs. Spark making some point about the irrationality of our world and its self-destructiveness? Is Lise, futilely searching for "her type," symbolic of all of us? In *The Eighth Day* Thornton Wilder used some of the conventions of the murder mystery to explore man's nature; perhaps Mrs. Spark in this short, puzzling novel is trying the same thing. But for me the result was bafflement.

Elizabeth Easton is on the editorial staff of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

Advertising

Continued from page 57

same way that it promises advertising that is less dictated and confined by formula.

It is necessary here to remember that all advertising is not alike either in its making or intention. Manufacturers' advertising, for the most part, announces innovations and product changes and improvements, and this advertising appears mostly in magazines and on television and radio. The advertising of retailers, which is concerned primarily with the values in those products in terms of style, size, price, etc., makes up the bulk of newspaper advertising, except for want ads.

The changes that I foresee will have little or no effect upon the division of advertising between the various media. It should stay much as it is, with only some diversion of special-interest advertising from the general magazines to the growing list of special-interest publications.

On the other hand, I believe that advertising may be greatly changed by still another factor. With two-way communication established between receivers and cable stations, whereby subscribers may dial requests for any information under the sun, which will be available by computer, it is unlikely that consumer reports will not be included. No service could be more natural or have greater effect upon advertising. For the reply to the subscriber's query and the advertising that floats freely through the air on the same subject must allow no disparity. Both must serve the recipient in his own best interest.

This is something that advertising has always promised to do. But the promise has not always been kept. In large measure, it may now be.

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(Continued on page 66)

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BOOKS

(Continued from page 65)

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(Continued on page 68)

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(Continued from page 67)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1905

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Group of 18th cent. French thinkers; e.g., Voltaire and Rousseau	4 14 15 18 40 46 53 152 156 164 168
B. Followed by WORD C: first line of Landor's "Rose Aylmer" (4 wds.)	196 202 213 39 65 77 109 188 209 218 22
	28 48 59 85
C. See WORD B (2 wds.)	98 114 128 158 162 174 222 97 90 122 141
	7 93
D. Reservoir for holding liquids	208 214 226 9 25 26 51
E. Colorless inert gaseous element used in fluorescent bulbs	69 88 136 145 154
F. Having a relatively high boiling point (of gasoline; comp.)	181 192 11 16 21 42 58
G. Gimmick	64 86 95 104 110
H. Earnest	149 153 167 184 215 221 31 89 91
I. Plain, homely, commonplace	55 105 220 137 206 96 121 10
J. Large bottle with a short, narrow neck, usu. encased in wicker	129 131 61 72 1 56 84 113
K. Stealthily treacherous or deceitful	123 126 155 178 191 224 62 185 207
L. Quarrel, struggle	212 225 6 12 183 189
M. Conquistador (1485-1547)	200 115 166 177 74 194
N. Effective (2 wds.)	186 140 161 117 193 70 182
O. Subsequent	29 134 159 148 43 100 23 171 68
P. City at the mouth of the Tagus	197 36 80 107 151 179
Q. Portion of a country surrounded by the territory of another country	203 37 75 116 198 73 101
R. Winter cherry plant: Chinese lantern plant	2 132 173 201 24 79 142 144 50
S. ——aster: perennial herb with showy bluish-violet flower clusters (2 wds.)	82 102 135 34 87 108 180
T. Divert or amuse (oneself)	143 76 119 35 157 172 66
U. Arrogance	92 223 30 217 106 120
V. To a severe extent (3 wds., sl.)	8 190 67 216 138 199 60 20 38
W. Guzzles	169 94 45 210 133 63
X. Agitate	147 47 124 99 5 32 165
Y. Type of primitive construction for protection against enemy fire	150 19 127 71 163 170 160 118 52
Z. "The Young——": Daisy Ashford's magnum opus	205 78 176 81 13 111 33 17
Z^1 Make foolish	112 54 57 27 83 41 204 103 139
Z^2 WW II vessel (2 wds)	146 125 195 211 175 187 130 44 49 3 219

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

					1 J	2 R	3 Z^2	4 A	5 X	6 L		7 C	8 V	9 D	10 I		11 F	12 L						
13 Z	14 A		15 A	16 F	17 Z		18 A	19 Y	20 V	21 F	_	22 B	23 O	24 R	25 D		26 D	27 Z^1					
28 B	29 O	30 U	31 H	32 X	33 Z	34 S	_	35 T	36 P	37 Q	38 V		39 B	40 A	41 Z^1	42 F	43 O	44 Z^2						
	45 W	46 A		47 X		48 B	49 Z^2	50 R	51 D	52 Y		53 A	54 Z^1	55 I		56 J	57 Z^1							
58 F	59 B	60 V		61 J	62 K	63 W	64 G		65 B	66 T	67 V	68 O	69 E	70 N	71 Y	72 J	73 Q	74 M						
	75 Q	76 T	77 B	78 Z	79 R	80 P		81 Z	82 S		83 Z^1	84 J	85 B		86 G	87 S	88 E	89 H						
90 C		91 H	92 U	93 C		94 W	95 G	96 I	97 C		98 C	99 X	100 O	101 Q	102 S	103 Z^1	104 G							
105 I	106 U	107 P	108 S	109 B	110 G	111 Z		112 Z^1	113 J		114 C	115 M	116 Q	117 N	118 Y	119 T		120 U						
121 I	122 C	123 K	124 X		125 Z^2	126 K		127 Y	128 C	129 J		130 Z^2	131 J	132 R	133 W	134 O	135 S							
136 E	137 I	138 V	139 Z^1	140 N		141 C	142 R	143 T		144 R	145 E	146 Z^2	147 X		148 O	149 H	150 Y							
151 P	152 A	153 H	154 E		155 K	156 A	157 T	158 C	159 O		160 Y	161 N		162 C	163 Y	164 A		165 X						
166 M	167 H	168 A	169 W	170 Y	171 O	172 T	173 R	174 C	175 Z^2	176 Z		177 M	178 K	179 P	180 S	181 F	182 N							
183 L	184 H	185 K	186 N	187 Z^2		188 B	189 L	190 V	191 K	192 F	193 N	194 M		195 Z^2	196 B	197 P	198 Q	199 V						
200 M	201 R		202 B	203 Q	204 Z^1	205 Z	206 I		207 K	208 D	209 B	210 W	211 Z^2	212 L		213 B	214 D	215 H						
216 V		217 U	218 B	219 Z^2	220 I		221 H	222 C	223 U	224 K	225 L	226 D												

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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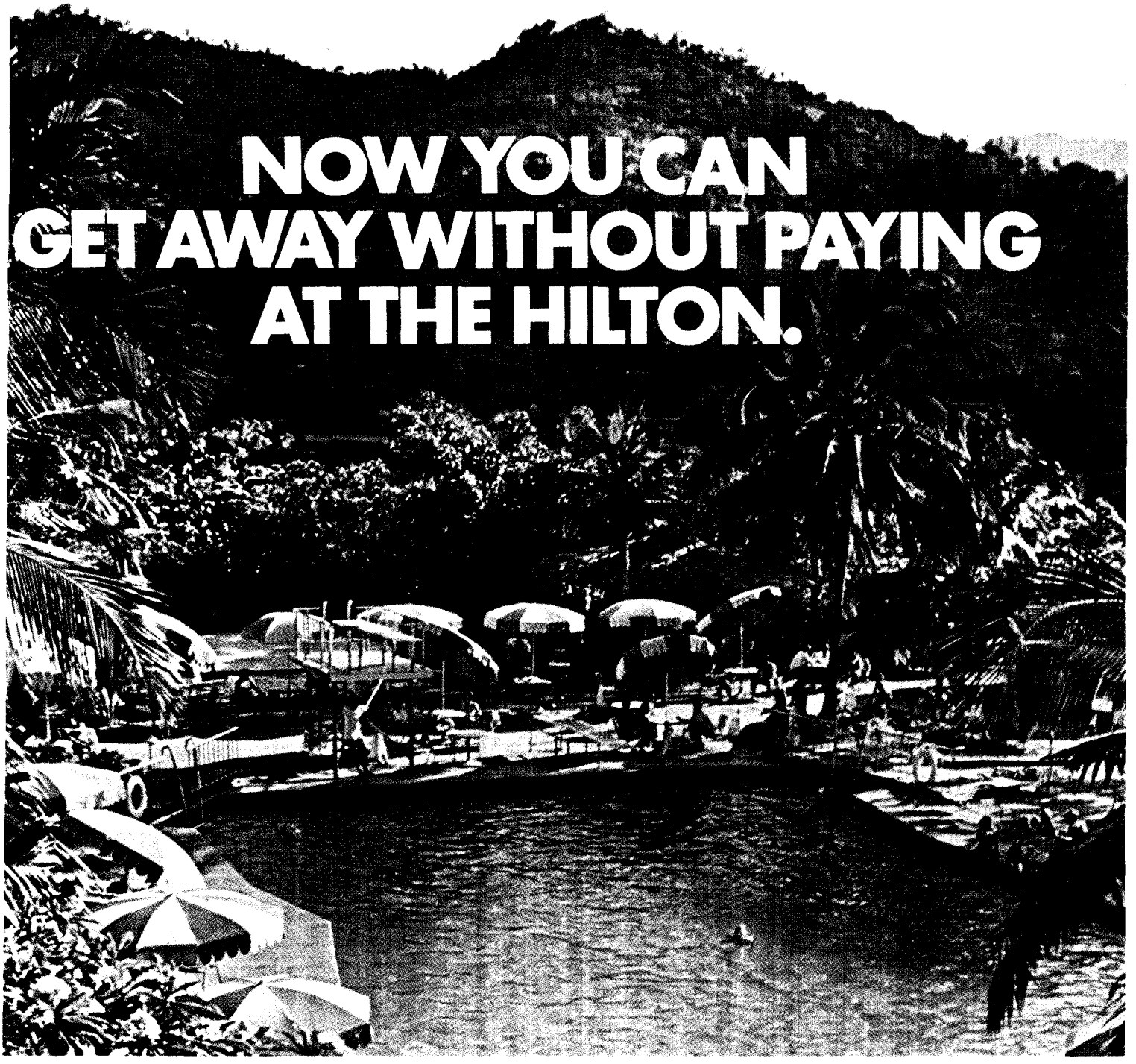

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SOMEHOW, YOU FEEL MORE IMPORTANT ON TWA.

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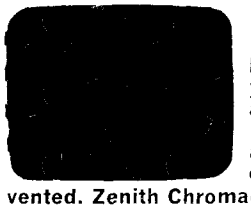

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